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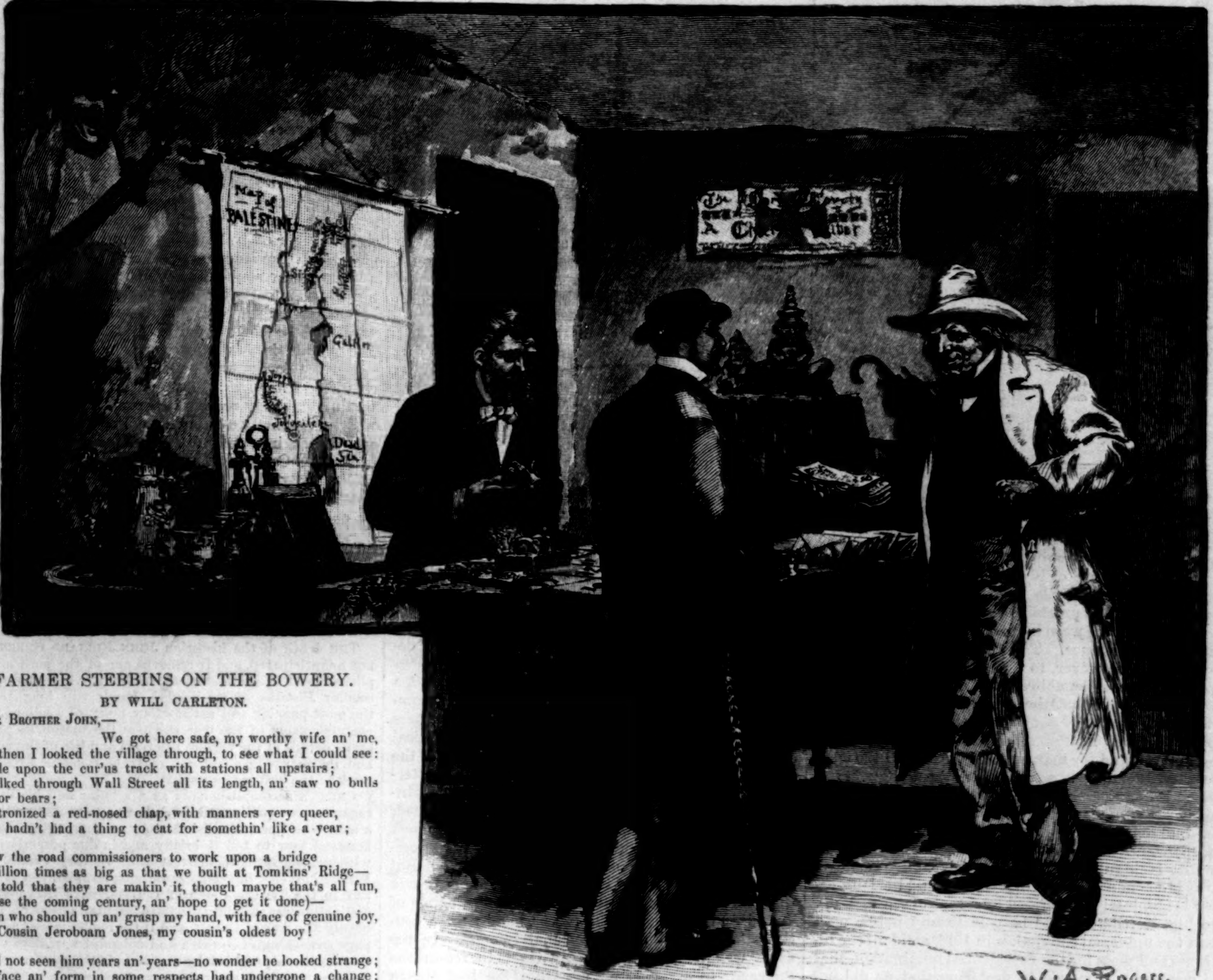



## FARMER STEBBINS ON THE BOWERY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN,—

We got here safe, my worthy wife an' me,
An' then I looked the village through, to see what I could see:
I rode upon the cur'us track with stations all upstairs;
I walked through Wall Street all its length, an' saw no bulls or bears;
I patronized a red-nosed chap, with manners very queer,
Who hadn't had a thing to eat for somethin' like a year;

I saw the road commissioners to work upon a bridge
A million times as big as that we built at Tomkins' Ridge—
(I'm told that they are makin' it, though maybe that's all fun,
To use the coming century, an' hope to get it done)—
When who should up an' grasp my hand, with face of genuine joy,
But Cousin Jeroboam Jones, my cousin's oldest boy!

I had not seen him years an' years—no wonder he looked strange;
His face an' form in some respects had undergone a change;
But then there wasn't a chance of doubt that that was him, because,
If not, how should he ever know that I was who I was?
We brushed our old acquaintance up, an' soon was at our ease,
A-wanderin' all about the place, as cozy as you please.

It's nicer far, in foreign towns, than 'tis to be alone,
To walk with one whose blood proceeds from sources near your own;
A sim'lar temp'rature of heart, a sort of family ease,
Enables you to work your tongue as lib'ral as you please;
And so I found myself quite soon uncommonly at home,
Describin' all my business through to Cousin Jerobo'm.

He listened very docile like, an' hadn't much to say;
But what he did was vent'red in a satisfact'ry way;
He'd severed somewhat from his kin, an' sort o' lost the run,
But he recalled the Stebbinses, when mentioned, one by one,
An' takin' him inside an' out, our family scarcely owns
A relative more relishin' than Jeroboam Jones.

He's teacher in a Sunday-school, he told me, by-the-way,
Which has a room, above a store, that's open every day.
"For if," he says, "we come across a child that needs our care,
We can not wait till Sunday comes—we join 'em then an' there.
An' if you want to see the way our worthy cause is run,
Come in an' take a little look—our 'social' 's just begun."

The scholars hadn't come, as yet; the Superintendent, though,
Was sittin' at a table like, an' bowed extremely low,
An' heard the praise on poor old me my cousin had to tell,
An' said he joyed to meet a friend of one he loved so well;
An' I talked back; an' for a time our converse did not cease—
A regular three-cornered gush of friendship, love, an' peace.

An' then he showed me how they run their "grab-bags" an' all such
(We have the same at home, you know, although not near so much);
An' then he had some val'ables on numbers that you saw,
With figures correspondin'ly, in envelopes, to draw;
I gin him fifty cents to help a cause I dearly hold,
An' drew a velvet hymn-book, with a clasp resemblin' gold.

My cousin pressed my hand with some congratulatin' jokes,
And said, "Ah me! the Stebbinses was always lucky folks!
But after all, their *shrewdness* is the thing that lets them win."
(Which made me proud, though I didn't see just where the shrewd came in.
But buyin' a five-dollar book at that unheard-of price,
An' helpin' of the cause meanwhile, was unsuspected nice.)

Whereat the Superintendent said, "You're lucky, I allow;
I'll have to charge five dollars for a chance to draw here now."
Whereat my cousin Jeroboam remarked, "If 'tisn't wrong,
I'll buy a draw for Cousin Steb, to help the cause along."
I shook my head, but he *would* do't; an' sure as I'm alive,
I drawed a good ten-dollar bill for Cousin Jones's five!

Whereat the Superintendent said, "You're lucky men, I vow;
A hundred dollars I must charge for every drawing now";
An' fingerin' the envelopes, one opened—just a grain—
And I discerned the number 11, uncommon black and plain;
An' on the *other* number 11 by glancin' I could see
Five good crisp hundr'd-dollar bills a-waitin' there for me.

To make four-hundred dollars clear, an' help the children too,
Was somethin' that would surely seem desirable to do;
With an unfailin' eagle eye, a heart that swelled with hope,
I watched, an' saw the very place he put that envelope;
I winked at Cousin Jeroboam, I counted out the cash,
An' drawed, an' had that card revealed almost as quick as flash.

Oh, sakes!—the second figure 1 had what I hadn't seen,
A *tail* that made it to a 7! 'twas Number 17!
An' on them figures on the board there nothin' was, in fact,
Except a little pamphlet like—an anti-gamblin' tract;
Which hadn't any money wuth, an' won't be good for much,
Except to keep my older boys from playin' cards an' such.

Now Cousin Jeroboam Jones was buried in surprise,
An' walked a half a mile with me, an' helped philosophize;
An says, "You come some other day—we'll try the thing agin—
We come 'thin *part of one of it*—the next time we shall win."
Then, nearin' to a corner, he took kindly leave o' me,
Because of some new scholars there that he must go an' see.

I give you this experience, John, but please don't tell it now;
Let Tompkins take the chestnut horse, an' sell the brindle cow;
An' gather up what cash besides I have a-lyin' loose,
An' send the whole of it to me for my immediate use.
Do everything concerned in it in soft, secretive tones;
Direct it to New York, in care of Jeroboam Jones.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883.


## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

### AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

*For the best original drawing to illustrate* ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

*The drawings must be received by* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

*It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

*If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable,* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

*Two Christmas Hymns by* ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

## THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.

THE election of Senator EDMUNDS as President of the Senate elevates to the legal succession to the Presidency the most eminent Republican in Congress. It was the pleasure of his predecessor, Mr. DAVIS, to separate himself, a little ostentatiously, from party association, and to proclaim a peculiar independence, as if independence were incompatible with party sympathy and preference. To be a Republican or a Democrat is not, however, to take the responsibility of everything that Republicans or Democrats may do. It is to say only that the principles, the traditions, and the tendencies of one or the other party are more approved. Mr. EDMUNDS has been always a positive Republican, and for many years he has been the most weighty Republican advocate in the Senate. His speech for the Electoral Commission Bill in 1877 contained the whole argument, and the weight of his individual opinion gave it immense force. He has the independence of assured conviction. His intellectual quality is singularly firm and incisive. He is entirely at home in a Parliamentary body, and his long career is absolutely untouched by a hint of self-seeking. No higher tribute could be paid to any public man than the universal conviction in 1876, amid all the intrigues and plots for the Presidential nomination, that he meant what he said in declaring that he did not desire it.

Mr. EDMUNDS is fifty-five years old, and he has sat in the Senate for seventeen years. During that long term his constructive talent has been as evident as his ascendency in debate and his mastery of Constitutional law. He is not an orator, but he is a thoroughly equipped debater, an acute and remorseless critic of fallacy and fustian and ignorance, with a memory like a well-ordered arsenal, in which every weapon stands brightly burnished and ready for instant use. His elevation to the Presidency of the Senate was but a fitting honor from his party associates, and it properly fills the gap—which would have been perilous had it been left unfilled—produced by the expiration of Mr. DAVIS's Senatorial term.

The most striking fact in the career of Mr. EDMUNDS is that while he is one of the most conspicuous, constant, and positive participants in the discussions of the Senate, and a "regular" Republican, there is no Republican leader who is so universally acceptable to the party. In 1880 he was understood not to be averse to the third-term project, yet he was the choice of the strongest anti-third-termers. He is neither offensively "Stalwart" nor "Half-breed." Among Republican chiefs his position is unique, and it is due to the fact that he holds himself entirely aloof from the wretched business of spoils. His position was not made by patronage, and it does not depend upon a "machine." His ascendency is actual, not factitious. His State is justly proud of him, as Massachusetts was formerly proud of WEBSTER, and afterward of SUMNER, and, like them, he takes his own course. He is, however, very conservative of the traditions of the Senate and of its powers. His mind is too acute not to see the reason of reform, and he is too just not to admit it, but his temperament sometimes protests, so that he may be called a reformer if he can have his own way. This habit is doubtless often trying to his associates, and leads to the charge of hypercriticism. But Mr. EDMUNDS was one of the earliest friends of reform in the civil service, and the bill offered by Mr. PENDLETON in 1880 was substantially the one that was proposed by Mr. EDMUNDS ten years before. Probably his chair in the Senate is more agreeable to Mr. EDMUNDS than that of presiding officer, and it is possible that upon the re-assembling of the Senate in December next he may prefer to relinquish his new honor. But whether upon the floor or in the Presidency of the Senate, Mr. EDMUNDS is the Republican leader of whom his whole party is proud.

## A LESSON FROM LATE EVENTS.

THE misfortune of the recent change in the Naval Office at New York is that it discredits the reformed system established by Congress, and with which Mr. BURT was more identified than any officer in the service. This misfortune is not changed by the fact that he was nominated to be Chief Examiner under that law. A little reflection will show that if Mr. BURT had accepted the Chief Examinership his acquiescence would have produced the false impression that he and those who believe with him held his displacement and the appointment to the Naval Office of an opponent of the new system to be in accordance with the principles of reform. This, however, although it would have given the retiring officer a place, would have been a kind of treachery, and his honest loyalty to the cause required that his declination should reveal the whole unfortunate aspect of the change.

Its effect upon the service is evident. Here are the heads of two departments in the customs: one discharges his routine official duties, is unfriendly to reform, and cultivates political influence; the other makes his office a model of order and efficiency, promotes reform so vigorously that it becomes the strong practical argument for the action of Congress, and firmly but politely repels all political interference with the management of his office. The former officer is retained and promoted in the customs service. The latter is bowed out by the offer of another place at a third of his previous salary. What effect will this proceeding produce upon the service? Will the officers infer that the way to retention and promotion lies in honest adhesion to reform, or in the cultivation of political influence and support? What effect will it produce upon the general opinion of the President's attitude toward the reform which really depends upon him?

It serves no purpose to point out the fact that a great many excellent postmasters have been renominated. That is true, but some excellent postmasters have not been renominated, and some purely political changes in post-offices have been made. What is the fair conclusion? Is it not that the principle determining the Executive action was not the reform principle which requires that good officers be continued, but the spoils principle which demands that the places be used as personal and partisan prizes? It was certainly right to re-appoint all good postmasters. But to re-appoint some and to drop others simply proves that the action is not determined by the principle of regarding the fitness of the officer, but by some consideration of political or personal interest. In the same way it was undoubtedly right to retain the Surveyor in the customs service, if he had shown himself to be a vigorous and efficient officer. Were he acceptable he might well have been re-appointed. But the same argument applied to the Naval Officer. To substitute the Surveyor for the Naval Officer, and to offer to the latter what was under the circumstances virtually a dismissal, was a departure from the fundamental principle of reform. There has been always a great deal of skepticism in the Custom-house about the reformed system. The results were evident and undeniable, but stories of the dishonesty of the examinations, which we knew to be untrue, have been freely circulated in official circles. It will now be harder than ever for the Custom-house circles to believe that the reform is really favored by the Administration, and that is unfortunate both for the Administration and for reform.

## COLUMBIA COLLEGE AND THE LATE PETITION.

THE response of the trustees of Columbia College to the moderate and respectful request of the imposing petition presented to them a few weeks since is probably quite as favorable as was expected. It could hardly have been supposed that the most conservative of our colleges would at once take the most advanced position upon the subject proposed to it. The petition did not ask for co-education. It simply requested the trustees to consider how the many and great benefits of education in Columbia College may be extended to such properly qualified women as may desire it by admitting them to lectures and examinations, which does not necessarily involve co-education.

This the report of the committee admits, and then frankly expresses the sympathy of the trustees with the desire evinced by the petition to improve the methods and elevate the standards of the education of women. But for Columbia College to take practical steps to this end, it appears, would require the establishment of another school in addition to its present schools, and this its straitened resources will not allow. To meet the burden of its debt and to sustain the schools already established is all that the means of the college now authorize it to undertake. But, despite poverty, something can be done, and the trustees therefore propose to announce a course of study to be pursued for three years, in which reviews and examinations shall be held by the faculty of Columbia, with proper diplomas and certificates to be awarded by the college. This is the beginning of an "annex" like that at Harvard, and the report of Mrs. AGASSIZ upon that enterprise, which was made a week or two since, is most timely, and well deserves the attention of the trustees of Columbia College and of all who are interested in the question.

Since the Harvard Annex was established the number of students has averaged from thirty-five to forty, who are chiefly young women preparing to be teachers, or older women who are already teachers, but who wish to carry their education further; with these are a few others who study because they have the instinct of scholars, and enjoy it. There are no "flighty students," and Mrs. AGASSIZ says that "certain anxieties respecting the presence of young women as students in a university town, without constant oversight of their daily lives, have vanished on near approach.... The students manifest no desire for co-education. The element of competition with men does not enter into their aims. They simply want the best education they can get, and they seek it at Harvard because the means to that end exist there." The Annex is now incorporated, a fund is partly subscribed for its endowment, and when that is secured the Annex will be offered to the college, which will undoubtedly receive it if properly endowed. It will be distinctly a woman's college, like Newnham and Girton in England. What has thus been done in English Cambridge and at Harvard will presently undoubtedly be done at Columbia and at all other great universities. Nothing is plainer than that public opinion is rapidly hastening to secure to women the same opportunities of intellectual development which men enjoy, and to concede to them an equal right of choice as to the scope and extent of their education.

## GREEN, THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN.

THE death of the historian JOHN RICHARD GREEN was not unanticipated, and it removes one of the most accomplished of English historical students, whose large and smaller *Histories of the English People* will long remain the most popular and satisfactory story of England. Its comprehension of the true spirit of the nation, its picturesque details of the various interests and life of the people, and its charming simplicity of style combine to form a work in the best modern spirit.

GREEN's accomplishments as a scholar and his literary sagacity are equally striking. It was most fortunate that a man who knew English history so thoroughly also understood how to tell it briefly and in due proportion, yet without sacrifice of interest and literary charm. Mr. MORISON, in his late admirable monograph upon MACAULAY in the "English Men of Letters," says that his great distinction was the ability to tell a fascinating story. This is hardly less true of GREEN, and if the reader misses upon his page something of the rich and splendid narrative of MACAULAY, he is consoled by the consciousness of a sounder judgment and a severer literary conscience.

The desultory literary sketches of Mr. GREEN, which have been also collected into a volume, reveal the same personal charm which is somehow conveyed by his more elaborate works. He was an author of whom very little was personally known, yet for whom his readers had a warm personal feeling. His death is a great loss to scholarship and letters, yet he had the good fortune to complete a great historical work and to secure good fame.

## EMERSON AND CARLYLE.

SINCE the correspondence of GOETHE and SCHILLER no literary correspondence has been published so interesting and significant as that between CARLYLE and EMERSON. The first of the good fortunes of the book is its editing. It was the wish of both the correspondents that when the time should come, Mr. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, the friend of both, and, with EMERSON, the trustee of CARLYLE's bequest of books to Harvard College, should edit the correspondence; and this work he has now done with absolute tact. He saw that the work needed no other editing than a careful arrangement of the letters, with a short account of the first meeting of the two men, drawn from their own record, and an occasional note upon some person or event mentioned. This he has supplied, with a final sentence mentioning the date of their last meeting and of their deaths; and this is, wisely, all.

The correspondence is one of the most intrinsically valuable of recent books, and a permanent contribution to literature. In all that has been written about CARLYLE—and the mass is enormous, both of his own *Reminiscences* and of all the books and essays—he appears nowhere more truly than in these perfectly intimate writings. The impression which they produce will certainly correct some false impressions which have been derived from much that has been printed since his death. In these letters, more clearly than elsewhere, can be seen and felt the deep, melancholic humor, with all its wild, grotesque, and rich extravagance of expression, which was the characteristic quality of CARLYLE's extraordinary genius, and which is so often

mistaken for misanthropy. Nothing, again, is finer than the apprehension of this upon the part of EMERSON. His clear perception of his friend's great genius, his reverence for its insight, his patience with its whimsicalities, his own independence wholly untouched by his affectionate admiration, and drawing from CARLYLE the truest love and respect that he felt for any of his contemporaries, are all not only nobly characteristic of EMERSON, but the record of them forms one of the noblest chapters in the history of friendship.

Over EMERSON'S letters broods that ampler ether, that diviner air of the immortals, which WORDSWORTH celebrates, and no contrast could be more vivid than that between the cheerful serenity of his mind and temperament and the tumultuous sadness of CARLYLE. Nothing, too, will be more pleasantly surprising to many readers than the shrewd tenacity with which EMERSON from the first insisted upon securing to his friend some pecuniary return from the sale of his works in this country. We can but mention this very remarkable book, full of intimate personal revelations of two of the greatest men of our time, each of whom more deeply affected the thought and literature of his own country than any contemporary.

## VALDEMAR RAASLÖFF.

THOSE who were so fortunate as to know General RAASLÖFF during his residence in this country as the Minister of Denmark will have heard with sincere regret of his death at Passy, near Paris, on the 14th of February. General RAASLÖFF was profoundly interested in all public questions, and he was a very able and eminent diplomatist, a man of many accomplishments, of charming manners, and of a singularly clear and alert mind. He began life as a soldier, and came at first to this country as a civil engineer. His ability readily distinguished him, and he became Minister. During the war he and the Swedish Minister, Count PIPER, lived together in Washington, and were both sincere and intelligent friends of the Union.

Before the war ended, General RAASLÖFF was sent upon a special mission to China, where he formed a warm friendship with Sir FREDERICK BRUCE, who was afterward British Minister at Washington. RAASLÖFF returned to this country, and Mr. SEWARD proposed to him the St. Thomas treaty. While the negotiations were pending he was called home as Minister of War, and interested himself earnestly in the treaty, making a visit to this country to confer with its friends, and upon the non-action of the Senate he resigned his portfolio, and his public life ended.

Since that time he has lived little in Denmark, but with his family has resided in Germany, Italy, and France, a sagacious student of public affairs, whose views were much prized by statesmen, and always a delightful and instructive companion. His letters, full of knowledge of the real movement of affairs and of incisive criticism, were of the very best, and it was hard to think that Denmark was losing the service of so accomplished a son. He remembered this country with interest and affection, although he was essentially a European, and his friends here shared in the rich overflow of his sparkling observation and comment upon the life around him. For some time he had been declining in health, and he died at last in perfect tranquillity, his wife and only daughter in tender attendance, but his only son was far on the Western frontier of America. In the memory of all who knew him, VALDEMAR RAASLÖFF will be always a most striking and interesting figure.

## ART COMPETITION.

AN announcement at the head of the editorial page will be read with great interest by all young students of art. The purpose of the proposal will commend itself to all who watch with admiration and hope the rapid development of the art of wood illustration, and the conditions are most reasonable. The poem selected for illustration is one which readily lends itself to picturesque design, and the character of the judges is the guarantee of the most intelligent and considerate award. The designs will, of course, be viewed as those of young students, and not of accomplished and mature artists, and every honest competitor may be sure of fair treatment. We anticipate an exceedingly interesting competition, with results most favorable to the beautiful art in which American genius is already unsurpassed.

## A RECENT SERIOUS EVENT.

THE friends of fair play have every right to be aggrieved by the treatment which Commander GORRINGE received from the Navy Department, and which the newspapers have made familiar to the public. As the naval career is chosen for life, it is a very serious event when an officer is driven to resignation by what he conceives to be the unfair conduct of a Secretary, whose position is but temporary, and the Secretary's conduct must be plainly just, or he will be properly held guilty of an immense injustice.

That is undoubtedly the general verdict upon Secretary CHANDLER'S part in the GORRINGE correspondence. The Secretary states that he had heard a dishonoring report, upon which he based a peremptory inquiry, and upon receiving a complete denial, which he is obliged to concede to be satisfactory, instead of closing the correspondence with that admission, he says in effect that he asked because he had heard that Commander GORRINGE was selling to foreigners opinions injurious to his country, but that there is no objection to naval officers expressing opinions which are not paid for. The insinuation contained in the reply was stinging to an honorable man, and it was one which the Secretary clearly had no right to make. Commander GORRINGE replied that of course he could have had no suspicion that the Secretary's inquiry was based upon a suggestion of corruption, and that, with all other officers, he had relied upon the Department to protect him against dishonorable imputations. Restating the facts, he added that such a suggestion could have been made only by a corrupt, unscrupulous, and malicious coward, and since he had been officially informed by the Secretary of such a charge, he begged respectfully to know from whom it proceeded. The reply was an order to Commander GORRINGE to report at Washington. He obeyed promptly, but asked in vain for charges or orders, and he then wrote to the President resigning his commission. Upon the face of the letters as published the Secretary seems to us to have insulted in the most wanton manner a naval officer of high standing and meritorious service. It is impossible to see how he could honorably refuse to give to Commander GORRINGE the name of the author of the injurious suggestion, who must have seemed to the Secretary a person of credibility, or he could not decently have made the suggestion the basis of a peremptory inquiry. The Secretary, without any necessity whatever, chose to allude to the charge. A persistent refusal to explain further must certainly strain severely his future relations with self-respecting officers of the navy.

## THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL.

THE Longfellow Memorial Association, which proposes to secure a strip of land in front of LONGFELLOW'S house upon which to erect a monument of some kind, has been agreeably surprised by a letter from Mr. ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW and his sisters, the children of the poet, offering to convey the land for the purpose mentioned. This generous act of course greatly facilitates the execution of the plan. The ground will be properly laid out, and a statue will be erected facing the Charles—

"River that so gently windest
Through the meadows calm and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea."

The fame of LONGFELLOW will be always associated with this placid stream, upon whose shores, at a little distance removed, he lived so long in the historic house in which the most famous of his poems were written. No more fitting and interesting memorial could be designed than the quiet green meadow, with its walks and seats commanding the view that LONGFELLOW loved, and the statue of the poet whose genius has given to it a pensive and enduring charm.

## COMPLETION OF THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

THE monument at Schuylersville, on the field of BURGOYNE'S surrender, is now substantially completed. It is 154 feet high, standing upon a bluff about 250 feet above the Hudson. The river is there a comparatively narrow stream, the landscape graceful and gentle, and the site is extremely picturesque. The monument is a tower commanding a broad and beautiful prospect. It is to be decorated with statues of SCHUYLER, GATES, and MORGAN, and a vacant niche will be inscribed with the name of ARNOLD, who was the hero of the day. Within the tower there will be historic entablatures. The grounds are some three acres in extent, simply laid.

The completion of the monument will be celebrated some time during the year. This occasion, with the celebration at Newburgh, will recall to the public mind the fact that the Revolutionary war was largely a military struggle for the control of the Hudson, and that the defeat and surrender of BURGOYNE was really its culminating event, leading to the alliance of France, and final victory.

"The field of the grounded arms," as HALLECK called it, had its centenary in 1877, when the corner-stone of the monument was laid. But the completion of the work deserves also due observance, and with that and the Newburgh ceremonies the great series of Revolutionary centenaries will end.

## PERSONAL.

THE Rev. Dr. HENRY C. POTTER in a recent address expressed his regret that the Church had not done more to prepare young women to earn their own living. It is cruel, he said, that the Christianity that chides woman for her frivolity and her slavishness to society should shut in her face the door that opens to emancipation. The shackles should be stricken not only from the hands and feet of women, but also from their brains.

—The Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL maintains that Siberia is the most fertile district of Russia, and that many of the exiles become the richest and most prosperous people of the empire.

—The Countess of Chesterfield has erected in an English church a memorial tablet to the late Lord BEACONSFIELD, inscribed as follows: "In memory of BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield, the foremost man of his age. Eminent in letters, in council, in debate; a statesman far-seeing and sagacious; a patriot zealous for his country's honor; a devoted servant of the Queen, by whom he was trusted, honored, and mourned. This tablet is erected by ANNE ELIZABETH, Countess of Chesterfield—a record of a much-prized friendship and a lasting regret. 'A wise man's heart discovereth both time and judgment'.—Eccles., viii. 5." Lord BEACONSFIELD was once reported to be engaged to the countess.

—The late F. G. STEBBINS, editor of the Cuba (New York) *Patriot*, requested, during his last illness, that at his funeral his friends should sing "Marching through Georgia" on their way to his grave, and "Good-by, my Love," when leaving it. His wishes were complied with.

—The inmates of the Eddystone Light-house are in danger from the waves, from fire, and from starvation. Recently their food became reduced to a biscuit or two, and they were compelled to subsist on the oil that supplied their lamps.

—Says Lady FREDERICK CAVENDISH, whose husband was lately murdered in Dublin: "I pray that neither the unspeakable greatness of my sorrow nor the terrible wickedness of those men may ever blind either myself or any of the English people to the duty of patience, justice, and sympathy, in thoughts, words, and deeds, with regard to Ireland and its people at large."

—Lord SHAFTESBURY writes to the Countess GASPARIN that the doings of the Salvation Army seem to him to be "a work of the devil, who, having for a long time tried to render Christianity odious, has changed his tactics, and is attempting to make it ridiculous."

—A collection of more than five hundred sketches and studies by FLAXMAN was sold recently in London. Among them were illustrations to the Iliad and Odyssey, Æschylus, and the Book of Enoch.

—Of Mr. WHISTLER'S latest "arrangement" of fifty-one etchings in a London gallery the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "What really characterizes this collection is the charming foppery by which it is surrounded. The gallery is hung with golden-yellow velvet and lemon-yellow muslin; the floor is carpeted with yellow matting. Visitors are invited to sit on settees covered with yellow serge, or on perilous little cane-bottomed chairs painted canary-color. The etchings themselves are framed in white frames, and hung far apart upon walls covered with white felt. Everything is white and yellow, and the catalogues of the exhibition are handed around by a dejected attendant in a fancy dress of white and yellow. There are rows of little yellow pots, each containing one little yellow flower."

—Mr. JOHN MORLEY declares that reform is always in the air when Mr. GLADSTONE is in power, and that the present British government, though not so advanced as he could wish, is the most advanced that has ever appeared in England.

—"Speaking broadly," observes the London *Spectator*, "we may say that a disagreeable sound or color is disagreeable to every one, while we have to inquire after our neighbors' tastes before we know what flavors they would consider agreeable or disagreeable; everybody dislikes the screech of a slate-pencil, and nobody is surprised at another person's not sharing his own preference for a particular flavor. Most people have felt at some time or other what was expressed by the dying man who, when told that he was going where the wicked would cease from troubling, responded, earnestly, 'And the good too, I hope.'"

—"A. K. H. B.," the veteran author of *Recreations of a Country Parson*, says in his new volume, *Toward Sunset*: "It has been very strongly pressed upon me in these last years that not merely the old in many cases wish to have as little of public worship as is decently possible, but that the young—I mean children and lads and girls—have lost much of the old simple-minded enjoyment in going to church."

—Mr. JOHN FOORD, who has for several years ably filled the responsible position of editor-in-chief of the New York *Times*, has assumed control of the Brooklyn *Union-Argus*, which he has purchased in connection with several capitalists. Under its new management the *Union-Argus* will continue to represent and support Republican ideas and principles, and Mr. FOORD'S well-known ability as an editor, his force and brilliancy as a writer, and his long and intimate acquaintance with politics can not fail to insure the success of the enterprise.

—Mr. A. E. KENT, of San Francisco, a member of the class of '53 at Yale, has given to the college $60,000, which the Faculty has decided shall be used in erecting a chemical laboratory, which will be begun this spring and finished in the fall.

—"The most finished novelist America now possesses" is, says the *Saturday Review*, Mr. W. D. HOWELLS.

—A case of suttee, or widow-burning, recently occurred at Utarna, in Jeypore, India, the victim being the widow of the chief of the village. For abetting the act the sons and brothers of the chief have been sentenced to imprisonment for seven years.

—One of the customs of the Fruiterers' Company of London is to present to the Lord Mayor each year an assortment of all the choice fruit of the season, and in return the Lord Mayor gives them a complimentary banquet.

—A Berlin correspondent writes that as an orator BISMARCK may be compared with CROMWELL. He has no rhetorical action; his motions are not graceful; his voice, a tenor, is neither musical nor imposing. He stammers, he coughs, he often stops for a word—it is always the right one when he has found it—while some of his sentences are terribly involved, and nearly a foot long. But as a writer he may be compared with LUTHER or with SCHILLER. Few living Germans can write their mother-speech more clearly, more idiomatically, more gracefully, more expressively, than their great political chief.

—The Right Hon. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., considers the legal profession as the most democratic of all the professions: "merit, industry, and ability are the passports to success. Nowhere have birth or station or inherited advantages less influence than in connection with this career."

—The famous missionary, HENRY MARTYN, had an affair of the heart with Miss LYDIA GRENFELL, of Cornwall. In one of his letters, written from India in 1809, he refers to a proposition that she should go to Cawnpore and marry him: "I do not expect that, though all obstacles were removed, she would ever become mine unless I came for her; and I now do not wonder at it, though I did before. If any one of my sisters had had such a proposal made to her, I would never have consented to her going. So you may see that the affair is ended between us....She need not imagine that I may form another attachment, for, after one disappointment, I am not likely to try my chance again." But with extreme *naïveté* he immediately adds, "If I do, I will give her the earliest intelligence of it."

—The late Mr. SANFORD R. GIFFORD has received in this country so little recognition, in comparison with his deserts, that his friends will be pleased to learn that the London *Academy*, judging his oil-paintings by some recently published illustrations, declares that "S. R. GIFFORD was a much greater master of atmospheric effect than J. M. W. TURNER." But then in America we never half appreciate a native artist until some foreigner tells us how good he is.

—For those who love CROMWELL'S memory (observes one of his countrymen) it is perhaps better that he should lie in an unknown grave, for, had he remained in his first resting-place, sacrilegious hands might have been busied with his bones, measuring the cranial capacity of that rugged skull, and grasping with profane fingers the arm that once wielded the sword of the Lord and of GIDEON. Now neither idle curiosity nor scientific research can desecrate the grave of him who taught Englishmen that freedom must be deserved before it can be permanently gained.

—Mr. JOSEPH COOK declares that the law of averages, as exhibited in the experience of life-assurance companies during the last forty years, has once for all triumphantly justified the temperance principle of total abstinence. "Among serious and thoroughly well-informed persons debate on this matter is over. Yes, my luxurious friend, yes, my moderate drinker in the pulpit, you are marked men, because benighted and belated."

—The *Saturday Review* comes at last to the defense of an American author against his countrymen: "When Mr. JAMES published *Daisy Miller*, every English reader recognized that he had sketched, not the typical 'young girl' of America, but a peculiar example of the Extreme Left of young girls. Daisy Miller was the most neglected sort of young girl run wild, and transported into an extremely unsuitable European environment. But many American readers (being touchy) did not see this, but supposed that Mr. JAMES wished ungallantly to libel and satirize his country's brightest jewel, the typical American young girl. There was sorrow in Boston, and gnashing of pens in critical circles of New York."

—In discussing the nature of the dramatic art, Mr. J. COMYNS CARR observes that there are "marked peculiarities of style and manner which, even in the case of the greatest actors, must often be inappropriate to the characters they are called upon to interpret. It is this inevitable presence of the artist in his work that renders acting, considered as a vehicle for the embodiment of the abstract conceptions of poetry, the most difficult and delicate of all the arts. The painter can take from his model just so much as he needs for the purposes of his picture; he may accept the inspiration of reality without making himself its slave; but the actor in pursuit of an ideal invention is met at every turn by the hinderance or help of his own personality, and from this there is no possibility of escape."

## STATUE OF ROBERT FULTON.

A new statue of Robert Fulton, by Mr. Howard Roberts, of Philadelphia, was placed in the old Hall of Representatives in Washington on the 26th of February. It presents a strong contrast to the other statues in the hall, owing to the realistic and unconventional manner of treatment adopted by the sculptor. He has wisely refrained from the classic style in his representation of this typical American. The great inventor is not presented to us in the garb of an ancient Greek or Roman, and at the same time the artist has avoided the stiff and ungainly effect of modern costume. He has represented Fulton sitting upon an old-fashioned chair, in his shirt sleeves, intently studying a model of the steamer *Clermont*, which rests upon his knees. The attitude and expression are very characteristic of the man.

## THE LATE GOVERNOR STEPHENS.

The funeral of the late Governor Stephens, of Georgia, which took place in Atlanta on the 8th inst., was one of the most imposing pageants that was ever witnessed in the State. "It would seem," writes the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "that almost the whole people of this section of country had come together to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of the late Governor Stephens, who for more than fifty years has been a leading power in Georgia and the South. The feeling of affection for the memory of Mr. Stephens is intensified by the fact that of the great galaxy of statesmen—Howell Cobb, Herschel V. Johnson, Lumpkin, Ben Hill, Stephens, Toombs, and Brown—only the two last-named gentlemen are left. The city was draped with mourning, and every place of business was closed, while the bells were constantly tolling. Delegations from over one hundred cities and counties were present. Special trains were running every half-hour during the day loaded down with visitors. The military display was the largest ever seen in the State, and for the first time the white and colored volunteers of Georgia marched in the same column, a threatened difference on this point having been settled by putting the cavalry and artillery between the white and the colored infantry. It was estimated at twelve o'clock that 100,000 people were in the city."

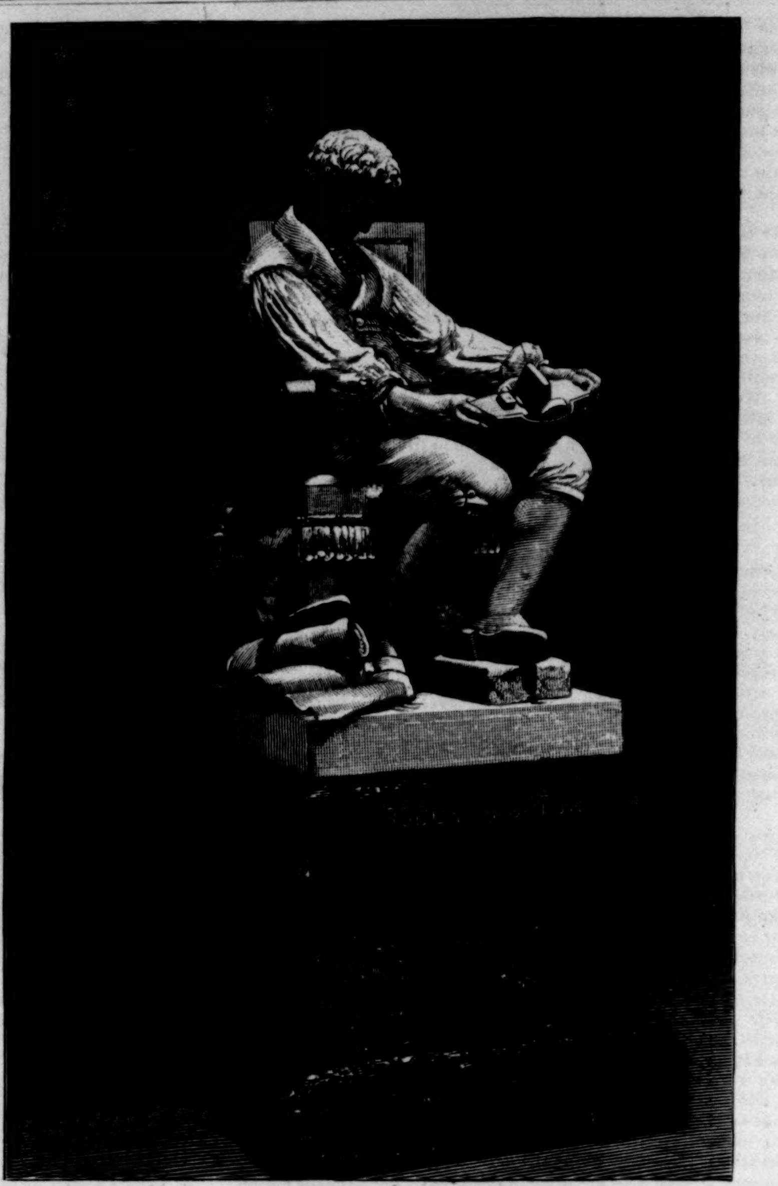
The body of the deceased Governor lay in state in the Senate-Chamber from daybreak until three o'clock in the afternoon. The chamber was handsomely draped and decorated, and the familiar roller-chair, in which the statesman was wont to recline, stood beside the coffin, covered with flowers. A company of military served as a guard of honor, and kept in line the crowd of people that pressed through the chamber, at the rate of seventy persons a minute, for hours.

The memorial services were held in the hall of the House of Representatives, which at an early hour was packed to its utmost capacity. So great was the pressure to obtain admittance that the military were ordered to keep back the crowd at the point of the bayonet, in order to prevent a dangerous crush and perhaps a panic. Senator Colquitt presided, and several touching addresses were made by popular orators; but the interest of the day centred in the speech of General Robert Toombs, who was the nearest friend of the late Governor. General Toombs is now almost totally blind, and his once erect and stately form is bent with age and infirmities. "When he rose to speak," says the correspondent from whom we have already quoted, "he was completely overcome. He bowed his head on his hand, and the tears trickled through his fingers. For fully two minutes he could not say a word." His address was an eloquent eulogy of the life and character of the deceased.

The procession that followed the body to the grave was at least a mile and a half in length. The hearse, surmounted by a large floral anchor, and covered with nodding plumes, was drawn by eight jet-black horses, each led by a negro groom in livery. Large detachments of the State military, the Governor's staff, members of the State departments, the judicial officials, the Legislature, civic societies, and private citizens, composed the procession. The Savannah Volunteers carried the flag of the State of Georgia—a flag prescribed by law a few months since, and presented at the late sesquicentennial to the company by Governor Stephens, who simply said, "Never let it be trailed in the dust." A notable feature was a delegation of 700 citizens and soldiers from Augusta, sent up at the expense of that city. Seven bands of music were stationed in the procession.

The tops of buildings, windows, balconies, cornices, and every available porch were black with human beings, while the streets were like seas of people, through which the detachments of police had to force a way for the procession. The scene was a grand one as the military part of the procession filled Broad Street from one end to the other. It was such a sight as the people of Georgia had never seen, and will not soon witness again. The marvel of it was that, as a by-stander expressed it, "the tiny and frail man, scarcely sixty pounds of flesh, a mere speck, powerful in death as in life, had evoked so grand and impressive a demonstration."

At the grave the services were brief and simple. General Toombs, Senator Brown, Governor Smith, and the other pall-bearers deposited the casket in the crypt. The Rev. John Jones, chaplain of the Senate, delivered a discourse, Dr. De Witt Talmage offered a prayer, and Bishop Beckwith read the services. It was almost dark before the earth was thrown upon the grave, and it was quite dark when the immense crowd of people wended its way back to the city. Among the last to leave the scene was General Toombs, who sobbed like a child, exclaiming, "Poor Aleck! He was the truest man I ever knew."



STATUE OF ROBERT FULTON.—Photographed by Bell.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE GOVERNOR STEPHENS LYING IN STATE.—From a Sketch by Horace Bradley.

## THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE AT NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans sells less cotton than New York, but she handles far more—at least one-fourth of the cotton crop, the estimate for which during 1882-3 is seven millions of bales. The great market for phantom cotton is New York; the great "spot-cotton" market, or market for real and tangible cotton, is New Orleans. By the 25th of August, 1882, dating from the 1st of September previous, New York had sold 31,975,600 bales, while between September, 1881, and October, 1882, the New Orleans sales amounted to 15,706,400 bales. Forty millions of bales have been sold in New York during a single year, a crop of between five and six millions being resold there half a dozen times over and more. Since the organization of the Cotton Exchange in New Orleans, some thirteen years ago, the commerce in phantom cotton, or "futures," has been steadily increasing, but the Southern market will not be able for many years to rival the great Eastern metropolis in the enormity of its cotton speculation. So much, however, has the business of the New Orleans Exchange increased as to render necessary the erection of the new and splendid edifice pictured by Mr. Davidson's pencil upon another page. The sales of futures now average between 25,000 and 100,000 bales a day.

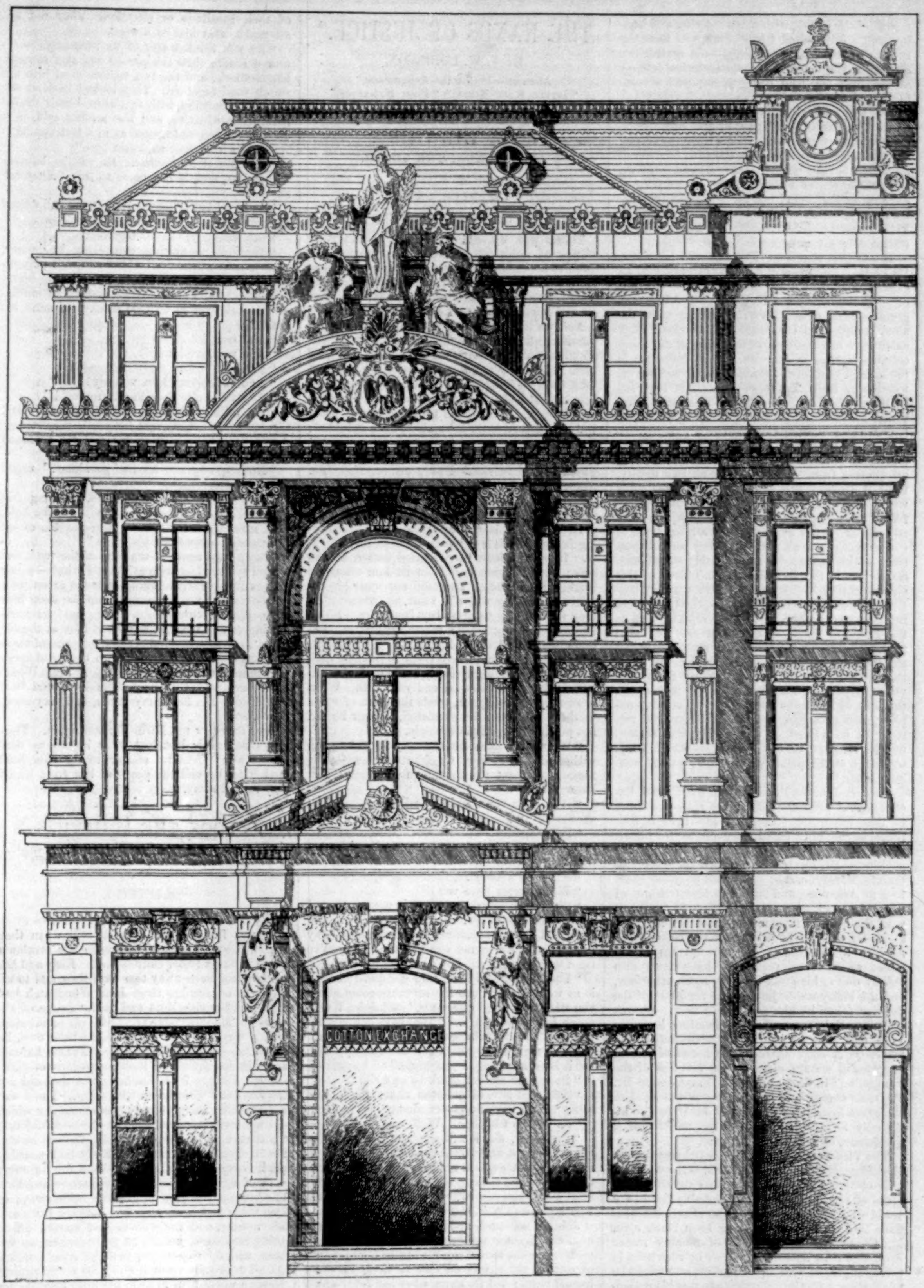
Rightfully proud as New Orleans cotton men are of their new building, the old one will not be abandoned altogether without regret. It was a queer, quaint, eccentric building, having all manner of curious entrances front and rear, and flanked by the most original courts, perhaps, in the city. One entered these courts through a side alley; and the singular projections of architecture supported by slender pillars, the immense windows of sample-rooms, the angles formed by warehouses huddling shoulder to shoulder in hollow square as if preparing to resist attack, were positively delightful. Color aided the effect, blue and white tints alternating, and relieved in one court by a pleasant patch of green lawn in the centre. The rear of the Exchange itself was bright and cheerful; the tones of light harmonized with the Southern character of the structure.

There is nothing Southern in the style of the new Exchange; it is like a splendid Northern visitor among the old-fashioned types standing about it at the corners of Carondelet and Gravier streets. The total height of the building, from the pavement to the summit of the clock tower, is 103 feet; the first story is 30 feet high, lighted by windows 22 feet high. The depth of the edifice is 107 feet, the width is 76 feet. The second and third stories have each a height of 16 feet, and the fourth of 15. Besides the front entrance to the hall on Carondelet Street, there are three others, two giving access to the Exchange from Gravier Street and by way of the curious alley on the north side, and another leading to the main stairway, which ascends to the fifth floor by a succession of broad flights. The Cotton Exchange proper occupies most of the first floor, covering a superficial area of 5800 square feet, but sufficient space has been left for an *entresol* between the first and second stories, through which the visitor can enter the handsome gallery on the east side of the hall.

The whole style is Renaissance—what the French would call *Néo-grec*. The base is white granite, quarried and cut at Hallowell, Maine, and the superstructure oolitic limestone from Bedford, Indiana. The stairways are iron, and the balustrades and railings likewise; most of the building is fire-proof. Mr. H. Walters, of Louisville, Kentucky, is the architect.

The façade is very handsome. Two graceful caryatides support the entablature above the main entrance; their attitude is at once elegant and dignified. These figures were chiselled in place. Above the second entablature, superimposed on the first, will be observed a very impressive group. The standing figure in the centre represents Industry about to place a wreath on the head of Agriculture—the strong nude figure reclining on the left. The reclining female on the right typifies Commerce; the anchor and cog-wheel indicate her two great aids to successful enterprise, just as the plough and the bee in the left-hand sculpture are the symbols of Agriculture. A cotton bale appears behind Commerce, and beneath the corona of the entablature projects a shield bearing the arms of Louisiana in relief. The ornamentation of the façade is florid and very agreeable in its general effect; the modillions, the scroll-work of the freizes, the flutings and leaf-carvings, offer a display of architectural richness unlike anything else in the city. Considering the excellent character of the structure, and the fact that all the material had to be sent from the North and West, the expenditure was not so large as might be imagined: by the time everything is complete the new Cotton Exchange will have cost about $400,000.

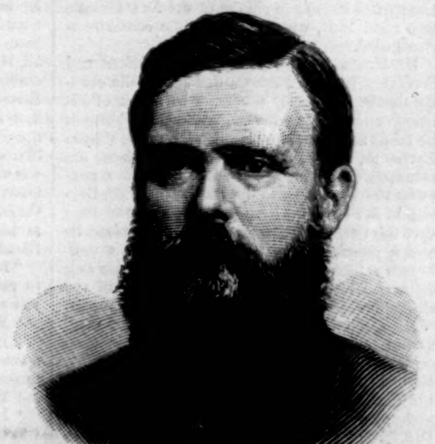
The interior is being frescoed in oil by Sullivan Brothers, of Chicago, who have several excellent German artists at work. The frescoing of the Cotton Exchange itself and of most of the building upstairs will be Renaissance—gold-yellow designs in relief upon a neutral ground. A pleasant departure from this uniformity will be made, however, in regard to the decoration of two committee-rooms upon the second floor. One of these will be frescoed with Egyptian designs, full of strong colors and vivid contrasts; the other will be treated in Queen Anne style, much resembling what the French call *rococo*. The ceiling of the great exchange hall will be further graced by four large paintings measuring 10 by 15 feet, and set into panels upon a gold background. The expedition of De Soto, the discovery of Louisiana by La Salle, the




THE NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE.—From Photographs by J. O. Davidson.

JOHN S. PHELPS, PRESIDENT.—Photo. by Moses.

ADOLPHE SCHREIBER, TREASURER.—Photo. by Moses.



HENRY G. HESTER, SECRETARY.—Photo. by Moses.

mouth of the jetties, with ships entering and leaving, and a Mississippi River scene, will form the subject of these four paintings—the second two offering modern contrasts to the historical scenery of the first two, and being juxtaposed accordingly.

Two hydraulic elevators will be soon in operation. The entire upper part of the edifice—excepting the two committee-rooms upon the second and the telegraph-room upon the fifth floor—will be rented out for offices. One railroad company has already rented a whole story. In the floor of the Cotton Exchange, not far from the rear entrance, a great circular basin has been contrived. This is the "Future Ring." Its centre will be occupied by a fountain.

The Cotton Exchange has now 425 members. Its annual receipts are $30,000 in excess of its expenditures, which are very large, for the cost of telegrams alone is $12,000 a year. The telegraph system of the Exchange claims to be the most complete in the world, and is really more exhaustive in minute detail than that of any other cotton exchange in America. Every pulsation in the myriad veins of the world's cotton commerce, whether in India, Egypt, or Europe, is recorded by the throbbing of its telegraphic needle. The visitor's eye may follow hourly upon the blackboards the movements of the earth's visible cotton supply by rail or steamer; may track each marked bale through all the mazes of "futures"-speculation from port to port, from city to city, until it reaches the steel teeth of those mills which digest and assimilate it into numberless forms of spun goods. There are kept the daily records of cotton exports from all markets, of cotton receipts at all ports, together with all possible weekly summaries and monthly statements. So perfect is the complicated machinery of this electric chronicle that mistakes are scarcely possible; those which do occur are quickly detected in the general movement of the reports, just as the Bank of England machines cast out gold pieces of inferior weight. Nor must we forget the intricate machinery of the local cotton business constructed by the institution; the supervisors, reporters, messengers, levee inspectors; the host of employés occupied in watching, sampling, and protecting every bale from the moment of its advent to that of its final departure by steamer or by rail. It is worth while to glance at the principal managers of this vast institution.

John S. Phelps, President of the Cotton Exchange, has been elected no less than five times to that important office, and has held it four times, having once positively declined, for honorable motives, in spite of election, to accept the position. Mr. Phelps is a native of Worcester County, Massachusetts. He went South in 1845, first to Arkansas, and finally to New Orleans, of which he has been a resident since 1851. While with the firm of Heald, Massie, & Co. he probably perfected his knowledge of the cotton business to a remarkable degree; but his subsequent success and popularity have been also largely due to his great capacity as an organizer, and the indisputable justice and rectitude of the position taken by him as a public man. He was an influential member of the Funding Board in 1875, and a member of the Constitutional Convention. A large share in the honor of having suppressed certain disreputable features of the "sampling" business in cotton is also due to Mr. Phelps's energy and shrewdness as the head of the great institution with which he is now so intimately identified. He is a tall and dignified gentleman, of very kindly manner.

The Vice-President of the New Orleans Cotton-Exchange, Mr. Gilbert H. Green, is the youngest ever elected to the office, being only thirty-two years of age. But there are probably few in the world who know more about the cotton business than this young man with the keen black eyes. Mr. Green has an affability of manner rather European than American, and as he converses in three languages with equal facility, one might be puzzled on a first introduction to guess his nationality. He is a native of Manassas, Virginia, and a son of Charles Green, a famous cotton factor of Savannah. Young Gilbert was brought up to the business from a boy, and sent to Europe to complete at once his education and his commercial training. He lived for some years in both Havre and Barcelona—the great French and Spanish cotton ports—and speaks the languages of both countries like mother-tongues. In 1873 his father established a branch house in New Orleans, taking his son as partner into the business, thereafter carried on under the firm name of Charles & Gilbert Green. Mr. Charles Green left his son in charge of the New Orleans firm until 1881, when the venerable cotton merchant died.

Mr. Henry G. Hester, the Superintendent and Secretary, is so well known throughout the country that it is scarcely necessary to speak of his energy and ability. He has retained the position he holds now since the organization of the Cotton Exchange, and in testimony of their esteem the members not long ago presented him with a generous share of stock in the institution. Mr. Hester is a native of New Orleans. At the time that the Cotton Exchange was first organized he was a reporter upon the *Price Current*, a well-known commercial journal, and his qualities as a commercial writer earned him the offer of the situation which he has since held uninterruptedly.

His assistant, Mr. R. C. Kerr—"Father Kerr," as all the "old stand-bys" call him—has also been connected with the Exchange since its foundation. He had previously been a commercial writer upon the *Crescent*—a paper which has been dead for many years. "Father Kerr" is a native of North Carolina, and has almost reached his seventieth year, but appears to have lost little of his energy and keenness of observation—a fine eagle-faced old man, wearing a long white beard.

Lafcadio Hearn.

# THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

### APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

### CHAPTER XXV.

A LAST LOOK BACK.

There was something strange in the good wishes of John Woodhatch, something which these two women did not profess to comprehend. They glanced wistfully at him, but the face was no index to the thoughts of its owner; it was as set and immobile as the Egyptian Sphinx.

And yet it was not difficult to guess what were the thoughts of the master of Farm Forlorn, for all this new impressive attitude. He had told them only a few minutes since that he had lost faith in every living thing as completely as every human soul had lost trust in him. He accepted the position. Not all the protestations of Kitty and her mother could have altered his thoughts; they were going away from him, on a mission which they feared to communicate, and those whom he had befriended were turning from him forever. They were in grief, perhaps in doubt, but none the less was it black ingratitude to him; of this he was certain in his heart.

Here was his last disappointment, his crowning failure, and it was hardening him very quickly. He should have been treated better, he was sure; but his pride would not let him utter any further reproaches. They did not want his advice—more, they did not want his money: all they wanted was to get away from him. So be it; he would not raise a finger against it. Let them go. He had wished them godspeed, he had hoped God would help them in the new dangers which they were rashly seeking for themselves, and there was an end of it all. What were they lingering for, when time was of value to them and him? he wondered, though he did not put his thoughts into words.

"We will go away the stronger for your good wishes, sir," said Mrs. Chadderton, "and—it is more than right we should go together. You know this?"

"It is right you should go with her—yes," he answered. "You can protect her if you will."

"If!"

"Ah, yes. I had forgotten you were her mother."

He paused a moment, then he said,

"What money have you?"

"Oh, sir, I have saved more money than I shall ever want, I hope. Don't talk to me of money," cried Mrs. Chadderton; "don't think that any money from you to me can pay the help you've been to me and her. Don't think—"

"There! there! I have said godspeed; and it is as well to go before the servants come about you with a hundred questions," said John Woodhatch, interrupting her. "Thanks only weary me just now. And you have not much time to spare."

"You are offended with us," cried Kitty, "and yet it is so necessary I should go."

"Does your mother think so as well?"

"No," said Mrs. Chadderton, answering for herself; "but I have no power to stay her."

"So you go with her. Well, good-by."

"Presently, sir, I will explain," cried Kitty, "but I am not ungrateful to you, God be my witness here. Always in my prayers I shall remember you. And—Greg can not do without me. That is it—you see, sir. That is the only reason why I go away."

John Woodhatch nodded gravely, but he was unmoved by her protestations. He could have told her again that Greg having had his chance of escape, there was an end to Greg in every honest mind; but he knew what her reply would be, what it had already been. Greg was first and foremost ever in her thoughts, and the crime he had committed she, in her interest in him, could readily excuse, even ignore. Greg was everything—and he was nothing. Greg was the lover and the tempter, the old pal, perhaps the child-husband in the old awful times from which he had hoped he had rescued them forever, and to which they were hurrying back—poor storm-driven atoms of humanity, with never a hope for them after that day. He was only the patron, the benefactor; he had no power over them, and his influence weighed but as a feather in the balance. He had not even their confidence when the great troubles came, which he would have shared with them with all his heart if they had let him. After all, they were afraid of him. That was the miserable sequel to the misspent efforts of his life. Meaning for the best, and acting for the best, he had failed in all that he had undertaken, and there was not any one who cared a straw for him or what his wishes might be. The world was utterly selfish and base. And he was utterly alone in that world; there was only this old dog Carlo, who came slowly toward him and sat down at his side, who he felt was anything like a friend.

"It is hardly safe for Fladge to drive you over to the station, but you can have his services if you wish," he added, suddenly.

"No, sir; we will walk," said Kitty.

"It is a fine morning, and you are both good walkers," he remarked, coldly; "and your boxes?"

"They were sent to the station late last night."

"I did not know that. But then I don't know what goes on in this house."

He turned away as if very tired of them, or very anxious to escape any further protestations of their gratitude or affection. They did not attempt to stay him by a word.

"He will think better of us presently," murmured Kitty; then she passed her arm through her mother's, and the two women went into the sun-lit road together. They looked back at the house of mourning, with the white blinds drawn before the windows, and the mother said, in a deep, low voice, and almost as in a last appeal,

"It is a hard time to desert him."

"Not desertion, mother. He will be happier without us, now it has come to this," Kitty answered.

"Ay! perhaps he may. Still, if you had waited till the funeral—"

Kitty wrung her hands together.

"There is no waiting, with Greg in danger, mother. The poor dead friend can wait patiently, but the living man asks me to come to him," said Kitty, "and is in terrible distress of mind."

"He has been in terrible distress of mind for years."

"Ah! true."

"And you love him?"

"Yes."

"And understand him, you say?"

"As no one else does in all the world."

"My faith in him is weak," muttered Mrs. Chadderton, "but my fear for you is very strong. And I have been waiting for you for so many years, child, as the master knows."

"Mother, why not let me go alone?" urged Kitty.

"No," cried Mrs. Chadderton, pressing her daughter's hand to her side; "it is for the best. And, after all, it is only one more trouble of his life passing away from his home."

They turned again at the bend of the road, and looked for the last time at Farm Forlorn—a fair picture in the early morning, with the green trees rustling above the house roof, and the deep blue sky overhead, with the sun shining, and the birds darting to and fro. It was a last look at the old place, to be remembered in the after-years of these two wanderers, who turned with their sad faces once more toward the old dark life. John Woodhatch had said, God help them in it, and they would need His help very much, and very soon, they knew.

And they saw not Farm Forlorn again. They had taken their last look at it indeed, as they passed away from its master to the benighted land lying beyond the peaceful life from which they turned away.

## BOOK THE FOURTH.

### THE MOVING OF THE HANDS.

### CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

It was fair summer weather still when they buried Hester Brake of Boston in her brother's grave in Skegs Shore church-yard. Kitty and her mother had been away two days then, and to all inquiries concerning them John Woodhatch had shrugged his shoulders and said, "Leave of absence." They had gone away with his permission, and it was nobody's business but their own, he supposed—at all events, not his. Parson Larcom and his daughter had their suspicions of these sudden flittings from the farm, but they did not trouble John Woodhatch with them. There was a something in the farmer's new manner which did not invite—indeed, that repelled—confidence, "a dark hour" which warned his visitors he was not at his best. Greg and Kitty had possibly made a runaway match of it—and for the mere sake of a runaway match, it appeared—and Mrs. Chadderton had gone to give the bride away; or else there had been a quarrel between Greg and his master, and the women had started off to bring him back, and act as peace-makers, as women will do sometimes, thought Alec Larcom. At all events, they would know the truth in time. Never a worse man to keep his little troubles, his little plans, to himself than John Woodhatch of Farm Forlorn. John's heart was too full to overflowing to hold its secrets long, the parson thought, not knowing his friend better than the rest of them, or at least not gauging to its depths the truth of his strange character.

It had been a quiet funeral in the old place, but there had been considerable interest evinced. Funerals were rare shows at Skegs Shore, and the master of Farm Forlorn had been expected to make a brave display, it being the first "turn-out" from the farm in his time. Morris had not been buried thence, and now Morris's sister—token of the peace between her and Mr. Woodhatch, and of her perfect confidence in him, despite the old stern doubts which the world had had—was the first to pass from the shelter of the old farm to the universal shelter which Mother Earth affords.

There had been no display, however, and Skegs Shore folk were hardly satisfied. It was not a funeral worthy of John Woodhatch. There were no feathers or mutes; and as for the black hat-bands and streamers, necessary for all decent mourners, they had been irreverently ignored. John Woodhatch had simply carried out Miss Brake's instructions; he had acted mechanically through it all. It was the living, not the dead, which was affecting him. Here was one friend gone, at least one who had trusted him to the last, and against whom he had not a word to say. What might have been, had she lived longer, he did not know; he did not care to know. That she would have drifted from him he was perfectly assured. People tired of him so soon!—grew desperately sick of him and his philanthropy together, and hurried away, with a few unmeaning protestations of regard, leaving him and his shallow theories together, and to die together, for what they knew or cared. This was John Woodhatch's conviction, and it did not add any brightness to his face when they were all back again at the farm, and the blinds were drawn up, and life seemed to have recommenced in the great house.

"I'm thinking ye're a bit too much oppressed, John, by all this," said Parson Larcom, suddenly; "and yet I've never thought ye a man to give way like a child."

"I have always fancied myself terribly strong," answered the other; "but then it *was* all fancy."

"She's at rest now, poor soul; and life on earth was not a parteecularly happy one to her, I take it," added Mr. Larcom.

"I'm not thinking of her," answered the farmer, restlessly; "so you need not preach me a sermon on the vanities of life. I do not need any consolation, Alec; I am quite resigned."

"That's weel."

"Where is Lucy?—where is Morice?"

"Lucy is packing up, I think, and Morice is with her," was the reply.

"Ah, yes! packing up to go away; that's true. When do you leave here, old man?" he asked, carelessly.

"To-morrow."

"And you think of going abroad?"

"Presently—very soon, that is," said Mr. Larcom. "There is all this French law and French money to look after; and Lucy is not so strong as she should be, and I'm thinking a change will not do me any harm."

"Change is good for us all," John Woodhatch answered, absently; "but then it is a world of change, if we only wait patiently."

"And talking about waiting, John," remarked the parson, "it strikes me that ye show a most deceeded reluctance to read the poor thing's last will and tastament. It's vary woonderful," he added, "but ye don't seem to care what becoomes of her money."

"I do not care."

"Ye would not care if she had not left ye a penny, I'll be boond," he remarked.

"She has not left me a penny," came the echo back.

"Oh! ye know, then."

"She told me long ago I should only waste her money on the vile and criminal, or the hopelessly base and the desperately ungrateful," answered John Woodhatch; "and so money would never be of any good in my hands. She was a far-seeing woman, and God knows, Alec, she was right enough."

He leaned forward, clasped his big brown hands together, and looked sternly ahead of him. Mr. Larcom filled his pipe slowly, and regarded his friend sideways during the process.

"What has happened, John?"

"Very little you would care to hear."

"Ye have been disappointed in Greg," said the parson; "I see that."

"Yes."

"And Kitty?" he added, shrewdly. "In Kitty too?"

"Yes."

"I told ye long ago that scheme of yours would all end unsartisfactorily," said the parson. "I was sure of it long ago. Ye did not go the right way to work, John, from the vary first."

"What would you have done?" asked the other, sharply. "Here were two souls to be saved, and it was my task to save them. Where has been the mistake?"

Alec Larcom was always ready for argument; flint and steel would not more surely bring forth sparks of fire than the words of these two men in disputation. Two men of strong opinions, and of contrary opinions, and both dogged and vain for all their rough-and-ready virtues, it was only Lucy's tact which had saved many a sharp contest between them.

"Where has been yeer mistake, John?" said the other, leaning back in his chair and puffing his pipe complacently. "Ye have thought too much of yeer own plans, and too leetle of a friend's senseeble advice. Ye have gone on like a blind mole, thinking yeerself mighty wise and mighty clever, and that money, good words, and perfect confeedence would do everything in time."

"Yes; that was the idea. Why has it failed so miserably?"

"Ye have thought of yeerself, and ye have not taken God into your plans. Ye have gone on as if there wasn't a God—and that's jest it, now," shouted the Methodist; "that's the warst of ye, good as ye are, unselfish as ye may be, ye haven't been one bit or scrap releegious, or trusted to the—to the adveece of releegious men."

"I thought I knew better than you, you mean?" said John Woodhatch. "Ah! perhaps I did. And where I have failed you would have failed. They would have never trusted you, Alec—they never liked you, not one of them."

"Ye know narthing—absolutely narthing—about that," said the other, decisively.

"As for religious men, what are they? What have they done better than we worldlings, but blunder more, and rave over other people's blunders. No," he cried, "I am not a religious man."

"It's a peety, then."

"Are religious men more useful than we are—more generous, more commonly honest?" he said, scoffingly; "do they not think more of themselves, and of the world?—is not money as much their god as Him they affect to worship?"

"John, ye're raving."

"And you are forgetting the will, preacher, which has to be read to-night," said Woodhatch—"the will which leaves all the money to Kitty Vanch, you know."

"Gard bless us, I don't know that!" ejaculated Mr. Larcom, as the pipe fell from his mouth, and was shattered to pieces on the floor. "Ye have known this all along, then. This is yeer doing, and ye have influenced that poor mad body to pitch it all away from us. Ye have turned against Lucy, and Lucy's child and me, and I am bitterly deesappointed in ye."

"Never mind the money. Go on with your

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

sermon on human vanities, Alec," said the farmer, bitterly. "What *is* money, after all?"

"Ye need not jest—ye have acted badly in all this."

"I have not acted at all. But you are welcome to misjudge me—I am prepared for that," he answered, sternly. "It will end the story quite consistently."

"How do ye know all the money is left to Kitty Vanch?" asked the parson; "have ye opened the will?"

"No."

"Then—"

"She spoke of her money once or twice on the day she died, and told me, I think, in what way she had left it."

"Ye may be mistaken."

"Likely enough. I am altogether a mistaken man, for that matter."

"And this being right, ye could not put in a word, whilst there was time, for us?" said the parson, reproachfully—"ye who guess what a terreeble grind my life has been, and how I have never known the common carmforts of life from begeenning to the end."

"You have had religion to console you, and it will console you again," said John Woodhatch.

Alec Larcom looked hard into the stern face of the speaker, like a man who would see a further insult in the words conveyed, and yet was inclined to doubt if there were any fresh bitterness of satire in them. And there was not. John Woodhatch's anger had died away, and he spoke with some amount of envy of the minister's power to find consolation, comfort, relief, where he could not—with sorrow, even, that it was beyond his own power, he being a stronger and more skeptical man.

He went to the safe, unlocked it, and drew forth the will; and Alec Larcom's hands shook as they were planted on his knees, with a faint effort at composure, pitiable to witness.

"We had better send for Lucy," said John Woodhatch; "she is concerned in this."

"Yes; I had forgotten Lucy, poor child," said Mr. Larcom.

Lucy was sent for, and presently she joined the two men in the farm parlor, looking from one to the other timidly as she entered, as if in doubt as to the motive which required her presence there. Did she remember five years ago in that room too well just then—the eve of her going away from the farm, when John Woodhatch told her of her father's wishes, and his knowledge of the hopelessness of the deep love he had always had for her? She seemed relieved when she noticed the papers in John Woodhatch's hands, and when John said,

"There is Miss Brake's will to consider, Lucy, and you may probably be mentioned in it."

"Is it necessary to read it now?" she asked.

"You are going away to-morrow, and there may be something important to consider," he said, calmly—so very calmly that it sounded like a different tone of voice from that which he had always used toward her. She wondered a little what might be in his thoughts, or what her father and he had been discussing together, and then she sat down between them and waited patiently. She was not excited at what might be the tenor of the document in John Woodhatch's hands; she looked from him to her father curiously and for an instant again before the seal was broken and the farmer read aloud the last wishes of Hester Brake.

It was a short will; it had evidently not taken long for the testator to make up her mind what to do with her money, or to arrange for the disposal of her money after that mind had been once made up. And it was as John Woodhatch had sketched forth. All the property of which she was possessed, and to which she might be entitled in any way, went absolutely and forever to her tried friend and companion Katherine Vanch, and on the one condition that she should not marry Gregory Dorward. Otherwise the whole of the property was to revert to Lucy Brake. And she appointed Alexander Larcom and a certain solicitor at Boston as executors to her will.

"I shall decline to act as executor to the document," said Mr. Larcom, compressing his thin lips. "I haven't been consoolted in the matter, and the lawyer may have it all his own way for me."

"I think I would act, Alec," John Woodhatch remarked, quietly; "it will be for the advantage of your daughter here."

"I don't see that."

"Kitty Vanch will marry Greg Dorward," said the farmer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SURF-RIDERS OF HAWAII.

Owing to the entire absence of coral reef, the surf at all times breaks on these shores with prodigious violence. But in stormy weather this is of course increased tenfold, and the great green billows come rushing in with overwhelming force. These are the delight of the surf-riders. Each carries a surf-board, which is simply a wooden plank, and raiment is of course almost *nil*. Plunging beneath the first wave, they rise beyond it, and swim out to sea till they meet another, and then another, in each case diving just at the right moment to allow the billow to pass over them. If they miscalculate by one second, the surf catches them and dashes them shoreward, when they need to be good swimmers to escape being battered on the rocks. But long practice makes perfect, and many of the surf-riders dive safely beneath each successive wave, till they reach the comparatively smooth water beyond the swell. Then laying themselves flat on their board, they prepare for their exciting ride. The first care is to select a winning sea-horse. They calculate that every third wave is larger than the rest, and rushes higher on the beach; so their aim is to mount the biggest billow, which carries them shoreward at almost lightning speed.

The ride has all the excitement of a race; for should the rider fail to keep his plank at exactly the right angle on the crest of the green billow, he will be overtaken by the breaking surf of the wave which follows, and to avoid this must again dive beneath it, and swim out to sea to make a fresh start. Should he fail to select the right wave as his courser, and find himself on one of the lesser waves, the result is the same, as it will break ere he reaches the shore, and he must again do battle with the pitiless surf and swim for his life. But the man whose skill and luck are alike good has a wildly exhilarating race. He lies poised on the rushing wave, apparently in perfect security, with the tumultuous waters and the dashing surf raging on every side. If he can direct his course toward the sandy beach, the wave will carry him right on to it; but there is always danger of being swept on to the cruel black rocks, where the ablest steerer finds it hard to discern the narrow passages through which the seething waters rush so madly; and often he is compelled to abandon his trusty surf-board, and again turning seaward, plunge beneath the wave and make his way to some point where he can swim ashore in safety. His surf-board is probably reduced to splinters in a few seconds—a loss which is to him as serious as that of a favorite bat to a cricketer.

The boards most in favor are made from the wood of the viri-viri, which is very light. It grows in the mountains, and is much used for making fences, as it is a kindly shrub. You have but to stick one of its branches in the earth, and it takes root, and soon is covered with a blaze of scarlet blossoms. A good surf-board is about an inch and a half in thickness, about eighteen inches wide, and eight feet long, and should be slightly hollowed down the centre, and rounded at one end. It is stained black, frequently rubbed with cocoanut oil, and preserved with the greatest care, being wrapped up in cloth and hung up in some safe corner of the house. It is called *papa hè nálu*—which means wave-sliding board—and is so named from the papa, or sledge, formerly used in a game called horua, which exactly answered to the toboggan of the Canadians.

## OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

### STOVES.

Open fires, furnace heat, hot pipes, and stoves—these are the appliances which we use for warming our houses in winter. Which are the best, or, rather, what are the chief merits and defects of each?

As to economy of fuel, it is well known that metal stoves have the great advantage. As much as ninety-four and a half per cent. of the heat generated has been utilized in a stove of the best construction, leaving only five and a half per cent. of waste. In the open fire about eighty per cent. of the heat goes directly up the chimney. But in the stove the heat is disengaged, or may be, in the middle of the room, in the centre of the air space that is to be warmed, and it must warm that space before it can find any escape other than through the narrow channel of the stove-pipe. The longer the pipe, the greater the amount of heat that may be utilized. But as the pipe is an unsightly object, it sometimes can not be used for that reason.

The amount and the character of the radiation from different parts of the apparatus are very different. Galton estimates that "with a stove-pipe heated at the end nearest the stove to a dull red heat of 1230° F., and of sufficient length to allow the heat to be diminished to 150° at the further end, it would be found that at the stove end of the pipe ninety-two per cent. of the total heat emitted [at that point] is given out by radiation to the walls, and only eight per cent. to the air; but at the exit end the [lesser quantity of] heat is nearly equally divided, the walls receiving fifty-five and the air forty-five per cent." In proportion to the amount of fuel burned, the apparatus heats the air more rapidly when it is at a low degree of heat. When it is at a high degree, it heats the walls and the furniture more rapidly, and these in turn warm the air of the room by radiation. The gentle heat of the porcelain stoves that are used in Western Europe is even more efficient, in proportion to the amount of fuel used, than our ordinary overheated stove; but our colder winters make hot stoves almost a necessity where there is any question of economy of fuel. We need only to be on our guard against their disadvantages.

What are the disadvantages of stove heating? There are two. One is their tendency to make the air excessively dry—a fault easily remedied by providing for sufficient evaporation of water. The other is that a hot stove may give out, in one or more ways, the gas known as carbonic oxide.

This is a stronger poison than carbonic acid gas: one per cent. of it in the air kills rapidly; one-half of one per cent. produces serious headaches. It is formed (1) by the imperfect combustion of carbon, as when we see the blue flame playing over the surface of half-ignited coals. When there is plenty of draught this is carried away, the combustion becomes active, and the carbonic oxide ceases to be formed. Under ordinary conditions there is little danger that this gas should escape into the air we breathe. But there is no doubt that if the stove be made of inferior porous metal, the carbonic oxide may escape into the room. (2) "Carbonic oxide may also be produced by the oxygen of the air acting on the carbon in the iron if heated to a red heat." A red-hot stove is not a rare sight with us in winter-time; it is thus a source of danger, and for yet one more reason. (3) Red-hot iron may take up the oxygen from the carbonic acid in the air of an occupied room, and thus turn it into carbonic oxide. Morin finds this danger to be much greater with cast-iron than with wrought-iron stoves. It is materially diminished if the stove have a proper lining of fire-brick. But the main rule in practice is the familiar one—not to let the stove get red-hot. A headache in a stove-heated room should remind one of this often-forgotten rule.

When wood is consumed instead of coal, the shutting of the stove damper, by checking the combustion, may turn the stove into a charcoal-producing apparatus; and when the charcoal burns, enough carbonic acid gas is sometimes disengaged to poison the occupants of the room.

These dangers of stoves are inseparable from their benefits, but they are for the most part easily guarded against. Dickens called the American stove "a red-hot demon." Unless it be red-hot, however, it is no demon, but, on the contrary, a good spirit. It is in any case a truly American institution, and will become even more completely so as our forests are destroyed and wood fires become things of the past. The era of metal stoves will not pass away; it remains only for inventors to continue to improve them, and for housekeepers to see that they never take on the character of the "red-hot demon."

Titus Munson Coan.

## THE CUSTOM-HOUSE CHANGES.

Late on the afternoon of the 1st inst. the long-expected changes in the New York Custom-house were made by the President. James L. Benedict was nominated to succeed General Charles K. Graham as Surveyor of the Port, and General Graham was made Naval Officer in place of Silas W. Burt, named for Chief Examiner of the Civil Service Commission. Mr. Benedict, who is promoted from the position of Auditor, has served for nearly thirty years in the Custom-house. He first began his labors in the customs service under Collector John Cochrane, the date of his appointment being May 1, 1853. He is a native of this State. General Graham has long been prominent in public matters in this city. He has served both in the army and navy, in the former winning, during the late war, the brevet rank of Major-General. In his profession as an engineer he has had much to do with local public works. He was appointed Surveyor of the Port July 20, 1878, to succeed General E. A. Merritt, who succeeded President Arthur as Collector. The salary of the new position is the same as that of the old.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The first "clean-up" ever made by a gold-mining company in New York State took place a few days ago on the north branch of the West Canada Creek, in Fulton County. Wide attention has been attracted within the past two years to the gold fields of Fulton and Hamilton counties, and many claims have been taken up. The company which made the "clean-up" has a mill running, and had taken out about two hundred tons of gold-bearing gravel. The yield of gold was found to be about $3 75 a ton, and the cost of mining and milling is said to be at present about eighty-seven cents a ton. It is expected that not less than six mills will be in operation before the close of the spring. The metal is of a bright yellow, resembling Australian gold more than it resembles that obtained on the western side of this continent. It is claimed by those interested that the Northern New York gold fields are "no longer an experiment."

Speaking of interesting feats in telegraphy, a San Francisco paper recalls a noteworthy exchange of words between that city and Valencia Bay, Ireland. An unbroken circuit was made from San Francisco to Heart's Content (some 4500 miles), the cable landing on the American side, and the operator there was asked by the operator in San Francisco to see how soon he could get an answer from the other side of the ocean. The message sent from San Francisco was: "To operator, Valencia Bay: Ten o'clock here; what time is it with you?" Almost instantly the reply came: "Six o'clock in the morning, and the maids are milking cows." The exchange of words occupied not more than three minutes.

A tramp recently invaded a Western village, and was taken into custody. The time between the arrest and the next issue of the local paper was devoted by the editor to ascertaining the social status of the stranger, and the result of the investigation was announced as follows: "He turns out to be a regular cosmopolitan—he has no home."

"Mum Sociable" is the contradictory term employed to designate a variety of church entertainment that is popular in Western Pennsylvania. It is attended by the brethren and sisters, and every one who speaks has to pay a fine. A brother who attends with his wife, mother-in-law, and a few daughters doesn't indulge in much conversation himself till he gets the family headed for home.

At a recent card party in the house of a London dentist, says *Truth*, the counters used were false teeth. As they were all of equal value, it was a case of "a tooth for a tooth." The ladies were at first somewhat shy about touching the little white heaps, but they soon overcame this sensitiveness. When the counters were enumerated at the close of the game "there were only three more than had been originally given out."

It is estimated that the cost of a tunnel under the English Channel would be $12,000,000. If a man owning a tunnel connecting England with the continent should offer to exchange properties on even terms with a man owning a bridge connecting New York with Brooklyn, what would be thought of the bridge owner if he should not jump at the bargain?

A man was arrested on a railway train near Topeka, Kansas, a few days ago, with eight gold coins in his possession which are believed to have been manufactured with the view of defrauding numismatists. They are duplicates of coins issued by the government from 1794 to 1805, and are of gold of standard fineness. They are worth as much as the gold in a coin of the same denomination and of recent issue; but if the coins were genuine, they would be worth about one hundred dollars each to numismatists. It is said that the man's offense comes under the law making it a crime to manufacture a coin of a similitude to coins of the United States. If he could sell the products of his mint as rare coins for about twenty times their value, he could afford even to outdo the government in the matter of fineness of material, and to use gold in which there should be absolutely no alloy.

Two-cent postage stamps are to take the place of three-cent stamps in this country on October 1; but persons who date their letters 1882 till a considerable part of 1883 is gone will continue for several months after October to put three-cent stamps on their envelopes.

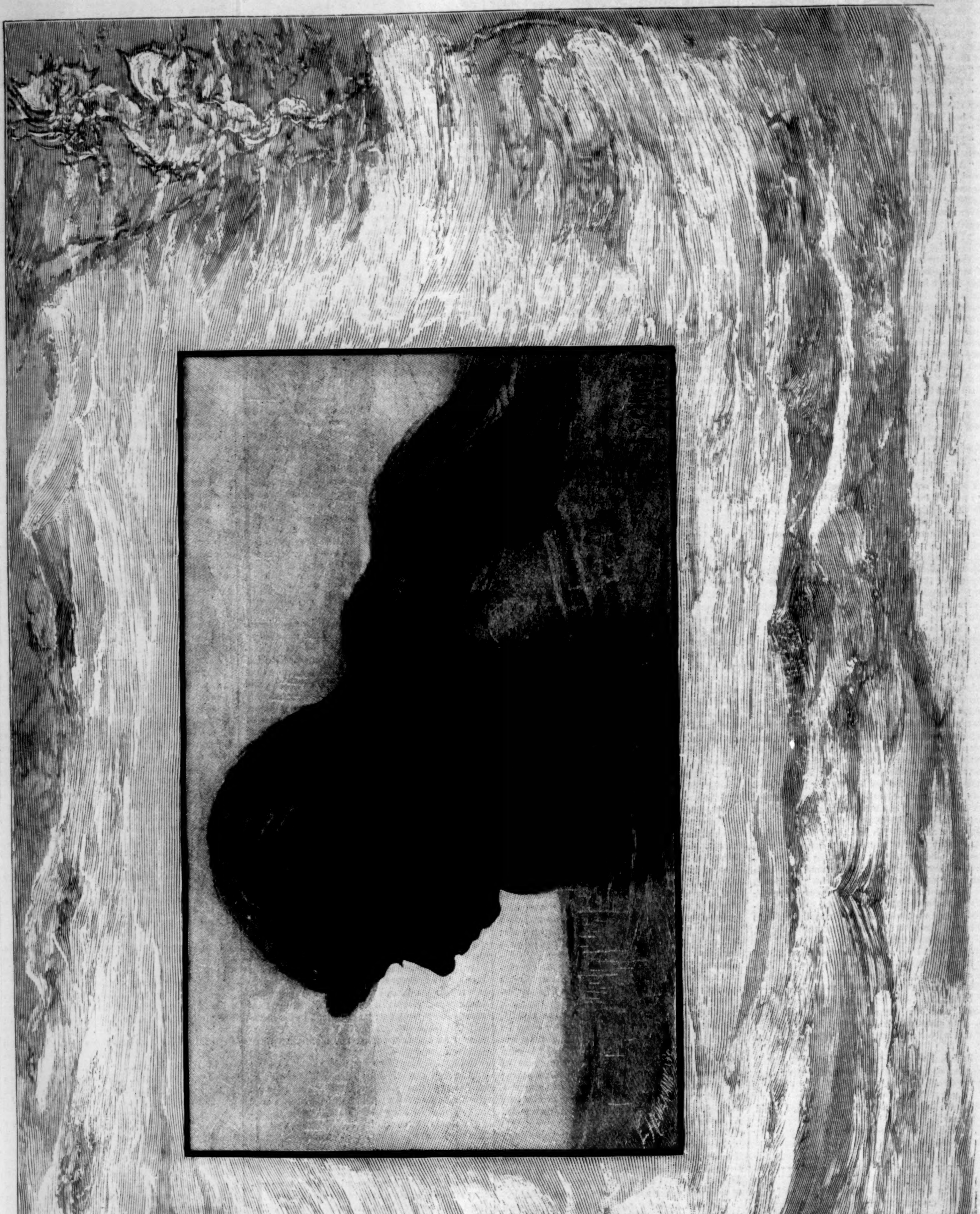
A Chinese lad has unconsciously become a disturbing element in the large Pullman car works at St. Louis. He was put to work in a room with the ornamental painters, preparatory to going into a technical school. A hundred men struck. The superintendent says he will not yield to the strikers.

Some curious facts were set forth recently in a paper read before the Electro-technic Society of Berlin by Herr Massmann, which came to light in the course of observations made on the German telegraph lines at the instance of the Secretary of the Post-office. Speaking of the attacks of woodpeckers on the poles, he did not credit the theory that the birds mistake the sound produced in the poles by the vibrating wires for the humming of insects, since they often find insects in the dry wood. The birds spare not even the poles which are treated with such substances as sulphate of copper, chloride of zinc, sublimate of mercury, or creosote. Under the eaves of buildings where wires run into telegraph offices, circuits are often completed in an annoying way by swallows building their earth nests between wires which are close together. Contacts between wire and wire are frequently made also by large birds, such as bustards, storks, swans, and wild ducks, alighting on the sagging wires.

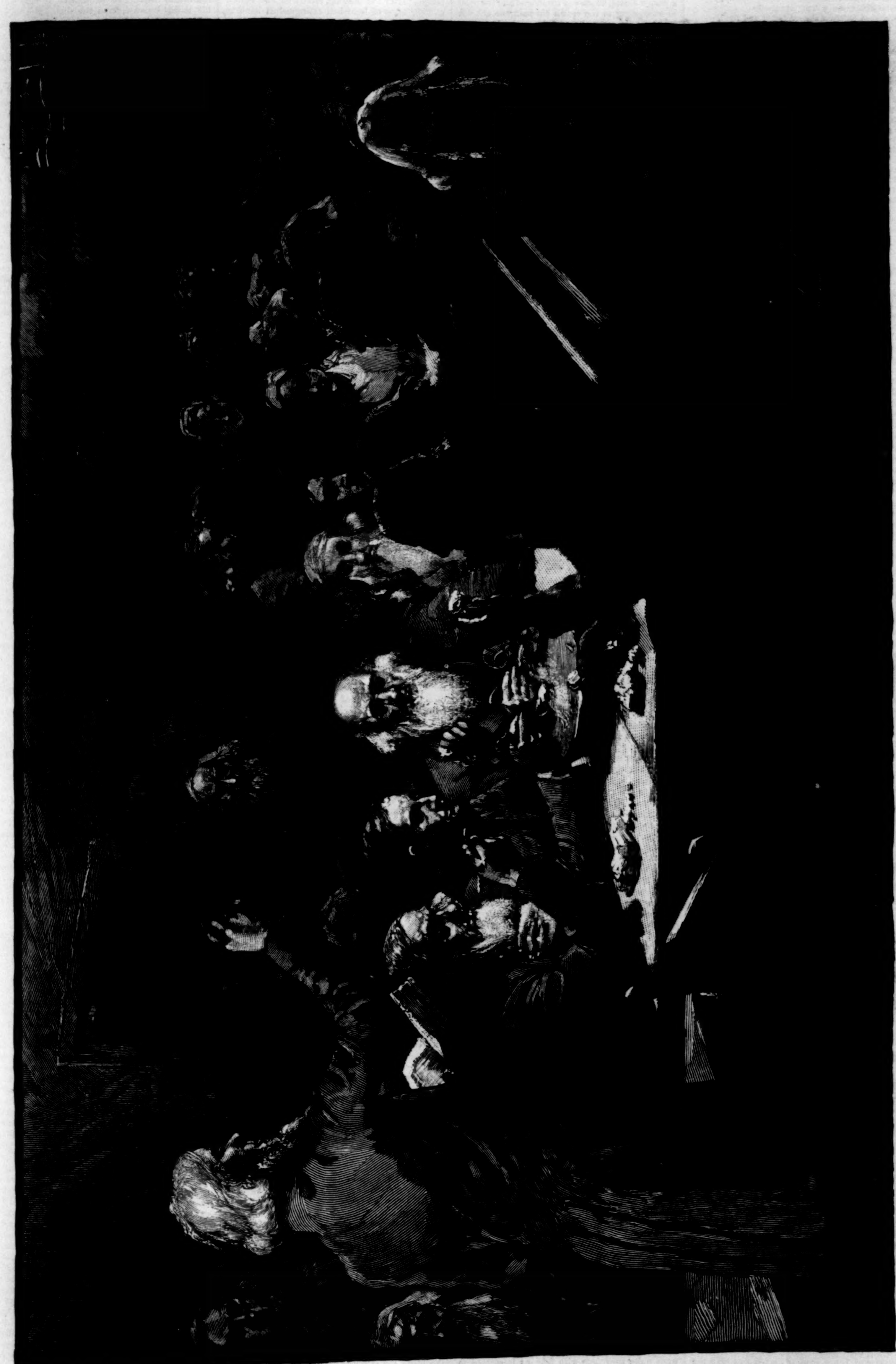
The prospectus of the exhibition which is to be held in Cork, Ireland, during July, August, and September of the present year, under the presidency of the Right Honorable the Earl of Bandon, Lieutenant of the county and city of Cork, has been issued. The object of the exposition is to improve the condition of the industrial classes in Ireland. It is set forth that the occasion will afford a favorable opportunity for bringing the merchants and manufacturers of America and Ireland into direct communication. The United States Consul at Cork, writing of the demand for American products in the markets of Ireland, says the shortest way to convey an idea of what is wanted is to tell what is not wanted, and in this list he mentions root crops, whiskey, millinery goods, wool and woollen goods, ale, beer, and porter, expensive clothing, books, hides, aerated waters, raw flax, poultry, burden animals, carpet goods, cheap hats and caps, and sausage casings. Applications for space from American exhibitors will not be received later than March 10.

Something concerning the nature of the safeguards thrown around children who are employed in the industries of France may be gathered from notices recently printed in *Le Journal Officiel*. They may not be employed in any factory where large quantities of dust or injurious vapor are produced, nor on any work on the roofs of houses or where there would be risk of injury from falls. Boys under sixteen years of age and girls under eighteen are not allowed to be employed in rag-picking and sorting, except in well-ventilated apartments. There are restrictions as to the weight of loads that children may wheel in trucks through streets or factory yards.

It may be remembered that in the course of the Egyptian rebellion the British government bought a ship-load of Kentucky mules, and started them toward the seat of war. The strife came to an end before the mules reached the other side of the ocean, and no little interest was manifested here concerning the future of the British government with several hundred Kentucky mules on its hands, and no vortex of strife into which they could be urged. It seems that some of the mules were landed at Gibraltar, where there were already mules, but of a different variety. The Spanish mule's recommendation is that he can subsist and thrive after a fashion on the least nutritious of solids. His diet is chopped straw, with an occasional bean or barleycorn thrown in. The Kentucky mule requires better fodder. His advantage over other mules is that a greater percentage of his food is converted into power. Those that were left at Gibraltar have already become the subject of a communication from the United States consul there to the State Department in Washington. Consul Sprague informs Secretary Frelinghuysen that "several of these American mules have already refused eating beans, and do not seem to take freely to barley." International complications may arise out of the situation. It is a question whether their involuntary expatriation deprives the mules of their right to claim protection from the land of their birth.



THE MERMAID.—From a Drawing by F. S. Church.



A LOVE FEAST AMONG THE DUNKERS.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 170.]

## ONLY A BIT OF CALICO.

His mother dead, no kith nor kin had he,
And so one came who served sweet Charity,
To take him where a busy multitude
Of orphaned children shelter found and food,
And much she wondered as they left the place
He'd called his home for years, upon his face
Such patient resignation to behold,
'Till, watching him with gentle fingers fold
Back from his breast his jacket old and thin,
And fondly look at something hid within,
She asked, "My child, what treasure have you there
That you are guarding with such tender care?"
"A piece," he shyly said, still looking down,
With shadowy smile, "of my dear mother's gown;
The gown she wore the day she said to me,
'If you are good, not long we'll parted be.'
It gives me comfort when I look at it."
And sewn inside the jacket was a bit
Of coarsest fabric, but so glorified
By love of her, the mother who had died,
That to her boy it brighter seemed by far
Than brightest gems or rarest jewels are.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

## LOVE FEAST AMONG THE DUNKERS.

THE Dunkers, a sect whose doctrines and habits of life are very similar to those of the Mennonites, derive the name by which they are popularly known in this country from a German word descriptive of their mode of baptism by immersion, but they are called by themselves "Brethren." They came to America between 1719 and 1729 from Germany, whence they were driven by religious persecution, and first settled in Pennsylvania, where they are still more numerous than in any other State.

Like the Friends, they practice extreme simplicity in dress and speech. They have love-feasts, practice the washing of feet, the laying on of hands, anointing with oil, use the kiss of charity, and other primitive habits of worship. Owing to their aversion to statistics, which they regard as savoring of pride, it is not easy to obtain trustworthy accounts of their number, but it is estimated to be about one hundred thousand. They have bishops, elders, teachers, and deacons, are opposed to war, and will not engage in lawsuits. Their annual meeting, which is held about Whitsuntide, which this year occurs on the 13th of May, is attended by the bishops and teachers, and lay representatives chosen by their congregations.

## HAIR AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

THE Greek and Roman ladies wore their hair long, and were as proud of it as were Jewish women. The Greek and Roman men, like the Hebrew men, wore their hair cropped close. This fact appears by the medals that have come down to us. This formed a principal distinction between the dress of the two sexes. A few days previous to the marriage the Grecian lovers cut off their hair and consecrated it to the favorite gods. An old writer says that it was customary among them to hang the hair of the dead on the doors of their houses previous to interment. They also tore their hair, or shaved it, or cut it off, when mourning for their deceased friends. When this sacrifice was made, the tresses were consumed on the funeral pyre of the corpse. The ancients, we are told, imagined that no person could die till a lock of hair was cut off; and this act, they supposed, was performed by the invisible hand of death, or Iris, or some other messenger of the gods. This hair thus cut off consecrated the person to the infernal deities, under whose jurisdiction the dead were supposed to be. It was a sort of first-fruits which sanctified the whole. Whatever was the fashion with respect to the hair, slaves were not allowed to imitate the mode of their masters. The hair of the slaves was cut in a peculiar fashion, which was instantly changed when they obtained their freedom.

The use of artificial hair is of very remote origin. It was used by the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians. The trade in human hair was a regular traffic with the Romans. The favorite blonde hair of Germany was largely imported into Rome in the days of Ovid; and those Roman dames who did not wear wigs, and yet wished to conform to the fashion, powdered their hair with a kind of gold-dust. Dyeing the hair was greatly practiced among them. "The Roman ladies delighted to pile up their hair tower-like on the top of their heads, while they had several rows of curls arranged formally round the sides, and sometimes pendent curls in addition. Fashion also regulated the style of wearing the hair among men in the later times of Rome. A boy's hair, for instance, was cut for the first time at seven years of age, and again at fourteen."

Among the Greeks and Romans cutting the hair was a great dishonor. Hence, prisoners of war and slaves who had committed any offense had their heads shaved or hair cut.

"So desirable," says an anonymous writer, "was a fine head of hair considered by the Romans that it became sacred, and was often dedicated to the gods on important occasions of marriage, victory, escape from danger and death, and burial of friends; plucking it out or neglecting it was a token of affliction. Remains of this feeling are manifested in modern times by punishing various offenses by cutting the hair, by mortifying the pride, as in the tonsure of the priests and the cropping of the laity, and by marking of the slave by the shortness of the hair."

The ancient Gauls esteemed it an honor to have long hair. When Julius Cæsar conquered them he made them, as a token of submission, cut off their hair, the cropped head at that period being the peculiar badge of slavery.

Gregory of Tours reports that it was long the peculiar privilege of the blood royal among the Frankish kings to have flowing locks, while for other persons there were gradations in the length and peculiar cut of the hair, according to rank, from noble down to close-cropped slave. When a prince among them was excluded from the right of succeeding to the crown his hair was cut off. The hair was worn short by the nobles in France from the time of Clovis; but as they became more civilized or less martial—which is often the same thing—they allowed their hair to lengthen. In the time of Francis I. long hair was worn at court; but that monarch, proud of his wound, himself wore short hair, in the Italian and Swiss fashion, which soon became general. In the reign of Louis XIII. the fashion of wearing long hair was revived, and as it became desirable to have the hair curl, the wigs were also restored. Then followed the era of hair-powder, periwigs, and perukes of enormous dimensions, which were swept into the tomb of the Capulets, wherever that may happen to be, by the fierce democracy of the French Revolution. The shirtless Jacobins restored natural hair to its natural use.

Among our ancestors, the ancient Britons were proud of the length and beauty of their hair, and were at much pains at dressing it. A standard authority of the last century says that some of them carried this pride to an extravagant height. A young warrior, who was taken prisoner and condemned to be beheaded, requested that no slave might be permitted to touch his hair, which was remarkably long and beautiful, and that it might not be stained with his blood. Not content with the natural color of their hair, they used washes to render it still brighter. One of these was a composition of lime, tallow, and ashes of certain vegetables. As the length of their hair was considered as a mark of dignity and noble birth, various arts were used to promote its growth. The Britons shaved their beards but not their mustaches, which—and it was the custom of the Gauls also—they allowed to grow to a considerable length.

## THE FRENCH POLICE SYSTEM.

EVERY police station in the French capital has its cells; but three times a day prison vans come round to clear out the inmates and convey them to the Dépôt. The advantage of thus collecting all offenders at one central police station where the staff of detectives can get a sight of them is obvious. The Dépôt contains about 150 cells for the better class of offenders and for very great criminals, and two large halls with airing yards attached. In the first of these are confined the decently dressed and fairly respectable prisoners; in the others all the tattered and dirty vagabonds who have sunk to the most abject depth of poverty.

In both halls the prisoners live in common, sleeping at nights on mattresses laid upon plank beds; and interspersed with them are a number of *moutons*, or spy prisoners, whose business it is to set offenders "blabbing." Every day brings a fresh squad of these *moutons*, and their true quality is not known even to the prison warders. They are dressed sometimes as fashionable cracksman, sometimes as beggars; they pass themselves off for burglars, coiners, or petty thieves, according to the work they may have on hand, and which consists in "pumping" certain men. Who are these queer fish? Not regular detectives, but unattached *agents secrets*, forming part of that mysterious host of myrmidons whom the Prefect of Police has at his orders, and who are paid by the piece. Many of them must be convicts who earn remission of their sentences and doles of canteen-money by acting as spies. As they are only recompensed when they render effective services, their wits grow terribly keen, and they may generally be trusted to twist criminal novices round their little fingers. When a criminal has remained three days at the Dépôt he is sent to the House of Detention (Mazas), and there he often gets a *mouton* for his cell companion. If this does not suffice to wring the truth out of him, the Juge d'Instruction, or examining magistrate, tries the effect of a little tantalizing and moral torture. The man is forbidden to see his friends or to write to them; he is kept in solitary confinement, which may last for months; and he is not allowed to buy any little luxuries with his own money; but once a week the Judge tells him that he shall be allowed to see his friends, to write, smoke, have rations of wine, and eventually obtain a mitigation of his sentence, if he tells the truth. So he does tell it at length from sheer weariness.

## METEOR OR EARTHQUAKE?

THE newspapers of Southern Rhode Island and Southeastern Connecticut have contained accounts of a supposed earthquake which affected that district on the evening of February 27. Professor H. A. Newton, of Yale College, who has made the matter a special study, gives it as his opinion that the rumbling heard and sensations experienced were not due to a shock of earthquake, but to the visit of meteors. As a matter of fact a remarkably large and brilliant meteor was seen by the people of that region at the very time, and it is now believed that this body must have passed very close to the surface of the earth, if it did not strike it, producing the phenomena described. Professor Newton says it is a fact that in all the instances where meteoric bodies have been known to fall upon the earth noises and agitations of the atmosphere have been noticed similar to those recently experienced in the vicinity of Norwich. A remarkable instance in point was the meteoric "shower" that visited Iowa in February of 1875. In the scientific report made upon that phenomenon we are told that those who happened to be near to the line of the meteor's flight were quite overcome with fear, as it seemed to come down upon them with a rapid increase of size and brilliancy. "In this fright the animals took a part, horses shying, rearing, and plunging to get away, the dogs retreating and barking with signs of fear. . . . From one and a half to two minutes after the dazzling, terrifying, and swiftly moving mass of light had extinguished itself in five sharp flashes, five quickly recurring reports were heard. The volume of sound was so great that the reverberations seemed to shake the earth to its foundations; buildings quaked and rattled, and the furniture they contained jarred about as if shaken by an earthquake; in fact, many believed that an earthquake was in progress. Quickly succeeding and blended with the explosions came hollow bellowings and rattling sounds, mingled with clang and clash and roar, that rolled away southward, as if a tornado of fearful power was retreating on the meteor's path." Afterward about eight hundred pounds of meteoric iron in masses and fragments were collected from the surface of the prairie, or ploughed up during the succeeding spring. Professor Newton believes that similar fragments will be found in Eastern Connecticut as evidence of the correctness of his theory.

## WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

### IV.

### ON THE REASONS WHY MAN IS NOT ALTOGETHER A BRUTE.

THE Arabs have a story of a man who desired to test which of his three sons loved him most. He sent them out to see which of the three would bring him the most valuable present. The three sons met in a distant city, and compared the gifts they had found. The first had a carpet on which he could transport himself and others whithersoever he would. The second had a medicine which would cure any disease. The third had a glass in which he could see what was going on at any place he might name. The third used his glass to see what was going on at home: he saw his father ill in bed. The first transported all three to their home on his carpet. The second administered the medicine and saved the father's life. The perplexity of the father when he had to decide which son's gift had been of the most value to him illustrates very fairly the difficulty of saying whether land, labor, or capital is most essential to production. No production is possible without the co-operation of all three.

We know that men once lived on the spontaneous fruits of the earth just as other animals do. In that stage of existence a man was just like the brutes. His existence was at the sport of nature. He got what he could by way of food, and ate what he could get, but he depended on finding what nature gave. He could wrest nothing from nature; he could make her produce nothing; and he had only his limbs with which to appropriate what she offered. His existence was almost entirely controlled by accident; he possessed no capital; he lived out of his product, and production had only the two elements of land and labor of appropriation. At the present time man is an intelligent animal. He knows something of the laws of nature; he can avail himself of what is favorable, and avert what is unfavorable, in nature, to a certain extent; he has narrowed the sphere of accident, and in some respects reduced it to computations which lessen its importance; he can bring the productive forces of nature into service, and make them produce food, clothing, and shelter. How has the change been brought about? The answer is: by capital. If we can come to an understanding of what capital is, and what a place it occupies in civilization, it will clear up our ideas about a great many of these schemes and philosophies which are put forward to criticise social arrangements, or as a basis of proposed reforms.

The first beginnings of capital are lost in the obscurity which covers all the germs of civilization. The more one comes to understand the case of the primitive man, the more wonderful it seems that man ever started on the road to civilization. Amongst animals we find some inchoate forms of capital, but from them to the lowest forms of real capital there is a great stride. It does not seem possible that man could have taken that stride without intelligent reflection, and everything we know about the primitive man shows us that he did not reflect. No doubt accident controlled the first steps. They may have been won and lost again many times. There was one natural element which man learned to use so early that we can not find any trace of him when he had it not—fire. There was one tool-weapon in nature—the flint. Beyond the man who was so far superior to the brutes that he knew how to use fire and had the use of flints we can not go. A man of lower civilization than that was so like the brutes that, like them, he could leave no sign of his presence on the earth save his bones.

The man who had a flint no longer need be a prey to a wild animal, but could make a prey of it. He could get meat food. He who had meat food could provide his food in such time as to get leisure to improve his flint tools. He could get skins for clothing, bones for needles, tendons for thread. He next devised traps and snares by which to take animals alive. He domesticated them, and lived on their increase. He made them beasts of draught and burden, and so got the use of a natural force. He who had beasts of draught and burden could make a road and trade, and so get the advantage of all soils and all climates. He could make a boat, and use the winds as force. He now had such tools, science, and skill that he could till the ground, and make it give him more food. So from the first step that man made above the brute, the thing which made his civilization possible was capital. Every step of capital won made the next step possible, up to the present hour. Not a step has been or can be made without capital. It is labor accumulated, multiplied into itself—raised to a higher power, as the mathematicians say. The locomotive is only possible to-day because, from the flint knife up, one achievement has been multiplied into another through thousands of generations. We can not now stir a step in our life without capital. We can not build a school, a hospital, a church, or employ a missionary society without capital any more than we could build a palace or a factory without capital. We have got ourselves and we have got the earth; the thing which limits what we can do is the third requisite—capital. Capital is force, human energy stored or accumulated, and very few people ever come to appreciate its importance to civilized life. We get so used to it that we do not see its use.

The industrial organization of society has undergone a development with the development of capital. Nothing has ever made men spread over the earth and develop the arts but necessity; that is, the need of getting a living, and the hardships endured in trying to meet that need. The human race has had to pay with its blood at every step. It has had to buy its experience. The thing which has kept up the necessity of more migration or more power over nature has been increase of population. Where population has become chronically excessive, and where the population has succumbed and sunk instead of developing energy enough for a new advance, there races have degenerated and settled into permanent barbarism. They have lost the power to rise again, and have made no inventions. Where life has been so easy and ample that it cost no effort, few improvements have been made. It is in the middle range, with enough social pressure to make energy needful, and not enough social pressure to produce despair, that the most progress has been made.

At first all labor was forced. Men forced it on women, who were drudges and slaves. Men reserved for themselves only the work of hunting or war. Strange and often horrible shadows of all the old primitive barbarism are to be found now in the slums of great cities, and in the lowest groups of men in the midst of civilized nations. Men impose labor on women in some such groups to-day. Through various grades of slavery, serfdom, villainage, and through various organizations of castes and guilds, the industrial organization has been modified and developed up to the modern system. Some men have been found to denounce and deride the modern system—what they call the capitalist system. The modern system is based on liberty, on contract, and on private property. It has been reached through a gradual emancipation of the mass of mankind from old bonds both to nature and to their fellow-men. Village communities, which excite the romantic admiration of some writers, were fit only for a most elementary and unorganized society. They were fit neither to cope with the natural difficulties of winning much food from little land, nor to cope with the malice of men. Hence they perished. In the modern society the organization of labor is high. Some are land-owners and agriculturists, some are transporters, bankers, merchants, teachers, some advance the product by manufacture. It is a system of division of functions, which is being refined all the time by subdivision of trade and occupation, and by the differentiation of new trades.

The ties by which all are held together are those of free co-operation and contract. If we look back to anything of which human history gives us a type or experiment, the modern free system of industry offers to every living human being chances of happiness indescribably in excess of what former generations have possessed. It offers no such guarantees as were once possessed by some that they should in no case suffer. We have an instance right at hand. The negroes, once slaves in the United States, used to be assured care, medicine, and support, but they spent their efforts, and other men took the products. They have been set free. That means only just this: they now work and hold their own products, and are assured of nothing but what they earn. In escaping from subjection they have lost claims. Care, medicine, and support they get if they earn it. Will any one say that the black men have not gained? Will any one deny that individual black men may seem worse off? Will any one allow such observations to blind him to the true significance of the change? If any one thinks that there are or ought to be somewhere in society guarantees that no man shall suffer hardship, let him understand that there can be no such guarantees unless other men give them; that is, unless we go back to slavery, and make one man's effort conduce to another man's welfare. Of course, if a speculator breaks loose from science and history, and plans out an ideal society in which all the conditions are to be different, he is a lawgiver or prophet, and those may listen to him who have leisure.

The modern industrial system is a great social co-operation. It is automatic and instinctive in its operation. The adjustments of the organs take place naturally. The parties are held together by impersonal force—supply and demand. They may never see each other; they may be separated by half the circumference of the globe. Their co-operation in the social effort is combined and distributed again by financial machinery, and the rights and interests are measured and satisfied without any special treaty or convention at all. All this goes on so smoothly and naturally that we forget to notice it. We think that it costs nothing—does itself, as it were. The truth is that this great co-operative effort is one of the great products of civilization, one of its costliest products and highest refinements, because here, more than anywhere else, intelligence comes in, but intelligence so clear and correct that it does not need expression.

Now by the great social organization the whole

civilized body (and soon we shall say the whole human race) keep up a combined assault on nature for the means of subsistence. Civilized society may be said to be maintained in an unnatural position at an elevation above the earth, or above the natural state of human society. It can be maintained there only by an efficient organization of the social effort and by capital. At its elevation it supports far greater numbers than it could support on any lower stage. Members of the society who come into it as it is to-day can live only by entering into the organization. If numbers increase, the organization must be perfected, and capital must increase, *i. e.*, power over nature. If the society does not keep up its power, if it lowers its organization or wastes its capital, it falls back toward the natural state of barbarism from which it rose, and in so doing it must sacrifice thousands of its weakest members. Hence human society lives at a constant strain forward and upward, and those who have most interest that this strain be successfully kept up, that the social organization be perfected, and that capital be increased, are those at the bottom.

The notion of property which prevails amongst us to-day is that a man has a right to the thing which he has made by his labor. This is a very modern and highly civilized conception. Singularly enough, it has been brought forward dogmatically to prove that property in land is not reasonable because man did not make land. A man can not "make" a chattel or product of any kind whatever without first appropriating land so as to get the ore, wood, wool, cotton, fur, or other raw material. All that men ever appropriate land for is to get out of it the natural materials on which they exercise their industry. Appropriation, therefore, precedes labor-production both historically and logically. Primitive races regarded, and often now regard, appropriation as the best title to property. As usual, they are logical. It is the simplest and most natural mode of thinking to regard a thing as belonging to that man who has, by carrying, wearing, or handling it, associated it for a certain time with his person. I once heard a little boy of four years say to his mother: "Why is not this pencil mine now? It used to be my brother's; but I have been using it all day." He was reasoning with the logic of his barbarian ancestors. The reason for allowing private property in land is that two men can not eat the same loaf of bread. If A has taken a piece of land, and is at work getting his loaf out of it, B can not use the same land at the same time for the same purpose. Priority of appropriation is the only title of right which can supersede the title of greater force. The reason why man is not altogether a brute is because he has learned to accumulate capital, to use capital, to advance to a higher organization of society, to develop a completer co-operation, and so to win greater and greater control over nature.

## GLÜCK; OR, THE HAP OF A HORSESHOE.

By LAURA SANFORD.

The following passages appeared one summer in the diary of a young man attached, not scientifically, but by caprice, to a scientific party exploring the waters of the New England shore in search of specimens rare and characteristic of classified and curious fish to be shown in the Centennial Exposition:

*Thursday Evening, August* 8.—Saw her for the third time this evening, and more closely. Think too that I was observed by her, for usually she goes no further out from the bay than the first buoy; but to-night, as if secured by my protection, she rowed to the second buoy, where the waves are boisterous enough to shake some feminine nerves disastrously.

The same blue boat; the same red cloak falling loosely downward, and displaying freely at the arms and shoulders the blue sailor-like blouse with broad turned-down collar; the same saucy little hat perched above the coils of brown hair; the same grave, richly complexioned, womanly featured young face; the same little dark muffled figure crouched before her in the stern of the boat.

She rows superbly—a long English stroke; her movements are modulated and rhythmic; and in returning, when I had gone some distance in advance, for the purpose of being at the landing when she came to disembark, she sang in a clear sweet tone that lulling melody, "Dormi pure," I liked so much when Matilda used to sing it. I had not heard it since.

I made two or three turns about the upper bay, and then darted up to the landing, and had my boat fastened in a well-calculated moment, so that I came up the steps just as her boat touched, in time to help in ascent the small muffled individual, who proved to be a middle-aged woman, an invalid, and not, it seemed to me, the young lady's mother; if so, they were strangely unlike. She thanked me for the courtesy in gracious tones. Then the girl, having drawn in the oars, arose, and lifting her cloak to clasp it at her throat, sprang lightly up the stairway.

A boatman's boy in waiting for her arrival nearly pushed me off the wharf in his eagerness to be on the spot punctually; but I was on my guard, and prepared for him, and had so placed myself that she involuntarily took my hand instead of his in mounting the awkward ascent. She did not, however, like the elder lady, affably say, "Thanks"; she simply bowed slightly, without looking at me, and passed on quickly to her companion. Together they ascended the hill, and entered the little summer hotel where they are stopping.

Slight as had been her recognition, I felt myself successful in my first approach. I had held her ungloved hand in mine; I had seen her face; in fact, I gave that face a brief but intense scrutiny, and it does not disappoint me. The light, a mingling of summer twilight and waxing moonlight, was sufficiently clear to have shown defects if there were any. I discovered none. I have rarely if ever seen a countenance and form so completely attractive to my taste.

What does Bulwer say?—"Our wishes are necromancers; they conjure the shapes we would have them call for us," or to that effect; I forget the precise language. I have been desiring some romantic figure to fill the gap in my midsummer horizon, and this superb girl answers admirably. She rescues me from ennui; she revives the lazy prospect with a vital interest. She soothes my restlessness like the lulling, tender, charming cadence of "Dormi pure." I shall dream of her to-night.

*August* 12.—An end to the idle dreaming in which I have been revelling for three happy days and nights. Just, too, as I thought all was going well—just as fate seemed to smile propitiously upon me. I had passed her every day in her walks, and at evening followed her boat on the bay, and met her in precise moment at the landing, she surely conscious of my intent, and surely not shunning me. To-night I was going to the hotel, to a reading to be given by an itinerant student, in hopes of seeing her there.

I shall not go now. No, I shall bury myself in the cool cabin of our snugly anchored steamer, enveloping myself in a drowning cloud of cigar smoke, and listen patiently to the learned disquisitions of my scientific comrades.

Fortunately for me I had not plunged deeper into the insinuating madness. Even now, while hopelessly assured that I have no part or lot in her destiny, I can not without pain uproot the interest she has awakened—an interest to which the scene of this morning gives a tinge of chivalrous sentiment. Would that I could rescue her from her hard fate! From my heart I pity her.

Yesterday I was induced by N—— to join him in a walk to the encampment enlivening at this season a sea-side bluff a few miles north of us; and leaving him in curious enjoyment of the motley assemblage, I started alone on my homeward track. I enjoyed the solitude as a man always enjoys solitude when his brain and nerves are filled and vibrating with a pleasing image and sensation. The beauty of the day responded sympathetically to my mood: the sky was blue as a sapphire; the sea shone with a thousand spangles; the fresh and fragrant verdure of the way-side justified the eulogium pronounced upon the locality by an enthusiastic sojourner—"The paradise of sea-sides."

Not a living creature crossed my path, and I kept to the road mechanically until I reached a tract of woodland very near our moorings; the roofs of the little hamlet and its one white spire were already in sight. Then I turned aside, and crossing a rough stile, entered one of the loveliest forests I had ever seen. It was a fresh young forest, in which nature had been assisted by man. Larches and arbor vitæ and other graceful trees of rare varieties were mingled with the pines and alders and wild chestnuts that were the aborigines of the soil, and the ground was carpeted with exquisite ferns and flowering plants.

Here in this unique wildwood I met her. She was with a company of young people—three or four girls, and those two rather good-looking young fellows that I have seen hanging around the piazza of the hotel for a day or two. Her arms were laden with ferns; she looked like a wood nymph of a poet's dream; and as I passed her, gun in hand—I have always noticed that a dangerous weapon is attractive to women—she glanced first at that, with a startled shy questioning, as if to ask, "Is it loaded?" and then at me, very briefly, but fully and trustingly, as if to convey the confident, "But *you* will carry it safely." It was the first time our eyes had met; and as, lifting my hat with all deference, I went on, I felt an exhilaration, a mental intoxication, such as no experience of "Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine," had ever before produced in my rather susceptible nature. I was radiantly happy. But all is over now. That was yesterday. This is to-day.

She was not on the bay last evening. It was brilliant moonlight. I had been down to the south beach with Dr. D——, to inspect the dazzling carcass of a magnificent specimen in D——'s line—a fish mailed with great scales of pearl and silver, a creature with a tremendous name, and from the Gulf of Mexico, which opportunely, as if divining his advantage of being made immortal, had floated into these waters under the very eyes and noses of our savants.

It was late, and we were returning past the hill, when I observed two figures in the arbor on the knoll that filled me with dismay. There she stood in the arch of the arbor, draped in some delicate texture that wrapped her form and aureoled her head like a white vapor, looking off at the sea view, and at her side, *very* near her, a mammoth specimen of humanity, a full-bearded imperial giant. Could he be her husband? With whom else would she at this late hour be separated from the group on the piazza in all the boldness of an observed *tête-à-tête?*

I was base enough to wish that this human monster, like that of another genus, had chosen to fling himself upon our shores in an inanimate state. I could have relished stuffing him with arsenical mixtures. My blood-thirsty rage abated when I reached my cabin; the air of that little wave-rocked domicile was haunted with flattering reverie. And its very first suggestion was, "Repress your jealousy; the man may be her brother."

I had not, however, after an uneasy slumber, recovered my spirits by morning. After breakfast, declining to accompany my friends in a piscatorial expedition, I took a book in my hand and sauntered, in a dejected mood, up the high-road to the way-side forest where I had met her. The sky was as bright as yesterday, the waves as sparkling, but they were no longer in accord with my musings. My day-dream was vanishing, and leaving me unmistakably lonely.

When I reached the hill-top near the stile that crossed the stone wall into the wood the breath of the sea came up so invigoratingly that I seated myself on the sward, green and fragrant with clover to the wall's edge. I opened my book and began listlessly to read. Presently my attention became riveted by the well-turned subject, and I should have gone on very well for an hour or two but for the sound of voices.

The voices were on the other side of the wall, not immediately near, or I should have felt it perhaps my duty to discover myself, but at some little distance, and evidently retreating. I heard them quite distinctly. A man and a woman were talking.

"I can make any woman love me," said the man, "if I put my mind to it."

"You can not make me," said the woman.

"Because you are not my wife," he answered. "Any man who determinedly and consistently endeavors to win the affections of a woman whom he has either coaxed or forced into his possession is sure to win her in the end. It is the nature of woman to yield her heart to the steadfast and supreme devotion of man; that is, if her heart be not preoccupied. And yours is not preoccupied, Alicia."

"No; my life has been of the peculiar vicissitude that makes it impossible for a girl to think of any other love than that which belongs to her parents. I have seen in the course of our long and rapid journeys a few young men who seemed attractive to me, that is all. I love my father dearly, devotedly—unto death, if that need be. Otherwise my heart is, as you say, not preoccupied."

"That is all I ask," said the other—"a fair field. I ask none fairer than your sweet soul, Alicia."

His voice fell, and I know not what followed.

Presently she replied to some question inaudible, and though the space was increasing between us, the fine flute-like penetrating tones of the utterance caused every word of this answer to reach me.

"Because, Norman, something within me, and something very strong too, rebels against coercion. I consider you ungenerous, yes, cruel, in this last demand upon my poor father, so broken down by his misfortunes that he is not capable of perceiving the ignominy which he is precipitating upon his daughter. I shall not desert him. I shall sacrifice myself if it must be. But oh, why can not you be generous, be merciful? Surely, surely you have reaped enough from this connection. He has lost everything; you have gained all. You have houses, lands, riches, all, of that kind. Oh, do not urge them upon me as a motive! Wealth has no attraction for me. I know its hollowness; I have seen its instability. Why can not you let me go with the rest, and still save his good name? Why bury me, an inoffensive girl, in the miserable ashes?"

"Because *I will not*," answered the man, and the voice reached me in its assured emphasis through the lengthening distance. I heard no more. But a few minutes later I saw two forms emerging from the gateway to the valley, and walking together down the ravine toward the bridge. There was no mistaking them: the man was the herculean stranger I saw last night in the moon-lit arbor; the girl, Alicia, was my—well, let me call her my *day-dream*.

*August* 13.—Thirteen: the number of separation. I recollect that doom pronounced upon this particular combination by "Palmoni." I recollect it because it falls true to me to-day. We are separated. But I have a keepsake of our parting.

It is Sunday, and I have been to church in that rustic place of worship marked by the one spire of the village. She must have been there too; but I did not see her until returning home. Her prayer-book was in her hand, and she was attended only by the dark-veiled lady who had been her companion in the boat.

She walked slowly, probably in compliance with the languid pace of her invalid friend, and they were far behind the other people. I had lingered after service to go into the little churchyard—a strange, quaint place, filled with graves of sea-farers and their wives and children, and with stones for unburied sailors who had perished at sea: a pathetic nook, planted thick with sweet shrubs, almost like a garden, on the wild sea-coast.

If it had not been for this lingering I should not have seen her; as it was, I followed directly in her footsteps. She paused presently as if looking at some object on the ground, but whatever it was, she did not stoop and lift it. I saw what it was when I came up—not a dead bird as I had fancied, or a dropped letter, or anything, indeed, but a cast horseshoe—a battered thing enough, wayworn and travel-marked.

"Go back for it, Ally," I heard the elder lady say. "I have a superstition about a horseshoe, especially one cast in your way, and on a Sunday. Go back for it, my dear; if not for yourself, for me."

The young lady turned back and came toward me. I lifted the uncanny toy of superstition from the dust and gave it to her. She did not simply accept the act, as she had my former courtesies, with a silent and glance-averted motion of her queenly head. This time she looked at me, and not only that—she spoke to me.

"It is for some one," she said, "who does not know of Fate, and who believes in Luck. Thank you." As she took it her hand relaxed its hold upon her prayer-book, and a wild rose that had been set between its leaves, as a mark perhaps for the lesson of the day, fluttered to the ground.

"May I have it?" I asked, quickly.

"It seems to belong to you," she answered, with a voice like one whose heart is broken, or like one who belongs to a far-off world. And she was gone.

Conscious through my mental mist of mingled joy and sorrow, my astonishment at her venture of addressing me, my knowledge of her darkly imposed destiny, and my observation that the ladies quickened their pace as they left me, I stood still.

I remained I know not how long, where I was, on that breezy hill-top, scented by the gentle forests, haunted by the cool strange breath of the limitless sea. Shall I ever forget it?

*August* 15.—So much for a sentimental episode—a fruitless day-dream! I saw the three figures, Alicia leading, enter the cars for the north this morning early when I went for my letters. And to-night we leave in our stanch little steamers, bound southward."

This closed for the season the midsummer diary of Theodore Ellwood.

A faded woman, no longer vitally attractive, but still vividly intelligent, sobered but not dulled by life's experience, saddened yet not imbittered by the revelations of opened years, and chastened by a pitying insight into "the woes of all the world." Such a woman makes a wise counsellor and an excellent friend.

So Theodore Ellwood thought, probably, when he made a confidante of Mrs. Manning, a lady many years his senior, and in years gone by a school friend of his mother, who upon her deathbed had spoken lovingly of Grace Manning to her son, then in his boyhood, and left in the dangerous position of being heir to a large fortune, and with no near relative to give him judicious care.

He was sitting in a pensive mood in Mrs. Manning's sunny parlor, and she drew her friendly arm-chair nearer him as he spoke.

"I have made up my mind to offer myself to Matilda."

"You have been a long time about it, Theodore."

"Yes; because I have never been quite satisfied. I know that she is all that the world approves, all that a roving fellow like myself ought to expect. But she has never filled my heart entirely. And of late—for the last two years, in fact—she has been a second choice."

"Why not offer yourself to your first choice, then?"

"My first choice is only a day-dream," said Theodore Ellwood, sadly. "And it has been a potent one. I did not realize at the time how much it was to me, or I should have followed the clew I could then have obtained to the reality, and have saved her, perhaps, and saved myself. I was a senseless dolt that I did not. But I did not then, I say, realize how deeply the adventure had taken hold of me. I did not comprehend at the moment what I have learned bitterly since, that

"'Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts, ...
And make us what we were not, what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by.'"

"Theodore," said Mrs. Manning, "you are a young man yet. You have excellent capabilities in your character for a true and exalted married life—the highest type of happiness granted, I do believe, to our pilgrimage on earth. If I were you, I would wait. I would take all means to discover the trace of the woman you call your first choice. It may be that to see her again would be to you merely the relief of disenchantment, and the discovery that, after all, Matilda is your ruling love. But I would wait. It seems to me that a man is hardly justified in giving to his wife a place that his heart secretly confesses to be a second choice."

Theodore Ellwood heard her not. He had leaped, like one galvanized, from his pensive attitude in the chair, and had rushed to the closed door against whose panel hung a little object that suddenly had caught and now engrossed his attention with an intensity of interest that, unexplained, was absurd.

"Where did you get this?" he cried. "Tell me, who gave you this? Strange, strange, that it should come upon me to-day! *This* day, of all the days in my life!"

Mrs. Manning stared at her guest in amazement. "Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that you are so superstitious? Is that obsolete form of witchcraft not extinct? How is it, Theodore? Or have you a religious faith in the old mystic emblem of the shape of the magnet—of the 'parted fingers' giving 'avaunt' to evil? You must have, I think, to be so excited in the moment of your earnest deliberation and counsel with yourself by the apparition of what seems to me an idle toy."

For the object upon which he looked with eyes startled from their calm orbits, with dismay or delight—his observer could not determine which—was nothing more than a horseshoe fastened against the door, in compliance with a trivial fashion of the day—a painted horseshoe, gilded at the rim, and garnished with wild roses, and the motto interweaving the pink petals and green leaves, "Happiness is a wayside flower."

Theodore Ellwood answered not a word. He merely repeated, "Tell me where you found this, dear Mrs. Manning. Tell me who gave you this."

And then he in his turn was astonished. For Mrs. Manning, the very impersonation of quiet dignity and matronly slowness of impulse, arose in her turn and paced the room like one demented.

"Why have I been so blind?" she murmured to herself. "Why have I never held these two together in my thoughts? My eyes are opened now, and perhaps 'tis not too late. Theodore," she said, and the tone of her voice, though not loud, was so excited that it shook the nerves of her friend, "come here."

He came; but he had no sooner come than she said, in a tone equally nerve-stirring: "Go away. I can not talk to you any more to-day. I

"I LIFTED THE UNCANNY TOY OF SUPERSTITION AND GAVE IT TO HER."

must be alone awhile. I have a—an engagement soon. Go home, my dear boy, and come back to me this evening at eight. No, stay; come Saturday evening at eight." She arose with the air of one dismissing her guest. "And in the mean time, as you value my advice, the counsel of your mother's friend, do not offer yourself to Matilda until you have seen me again. Wait."

Theodore waited. And such a vivid coloring had been given by the incident of the horseshoe to his romantic memory of a summer, and his cherished day-dream, that all other thoughts were banished. So steeped was he in a reverie of the past, and in the vaguely awakened faith that he might yet in the future meet Alicia, that the surprising bit of gossip poured into his ear by a gentleman of his club failed to make any painful impression upon his susceptibility, and failed to cost him one regretful sigh. The bit of gossip was the news that formal announcement had been made of the marriage engagement of Matilda to an adventurous stripling whom Theodore had often met as one in a train of that young lady's admirers, but whom, such an adept was Matilda in coquetry, he had never for a moment considered a rival.

"Saturday evening at eight." What was it that, as he ascended the stairs to the secluded little parlor, thrilled him with a novel quickness of the pulse? Was it a presage of consummating destiny? Was it a presentiment of approaching joy?

"Come in," sounded the familiar voice, in answer to his knock, uncontrollably tremulous.

He found Mrs. Manning alone as he entered. She came forward with her kind calm manner to receive him—a manner a shade, perhaps, kinder than usual. He found her—no, not alone. Some one, hidden at first view by the back of the antique arm-chair in which she was seated, turned toward him as his step advanced—a young lady in deep mourning. He did not recognize her at first, for a year of wretched "wedlock forced" had done its work in shadowing the young features; but an instant afterward he knew her—Alicia! And more lovely she seemed to him in the pathetic grace of that subtle interpreter of all grace—sorrow.

Always grave in its sweetness, irresistible now, so Theodore thought, in its sadness, was the face that turned toward him; and the eyes, they were the haunting eyes of his day-dream! They met his now, in the mingled ray of fire-light and twilight, certainly, though reservedly, with *recognition*.

That evening was the happiest of Theodore Ellwood's life: the happiest, because it held the bud of all most precious that the years stored for him.

How much was said! how much still dearer was left unsaid! Mrs. Manning went in and out during the three hours that the visit lasted; so there was interval for brief interchange of comprehensive words, and for a few confiding glances.

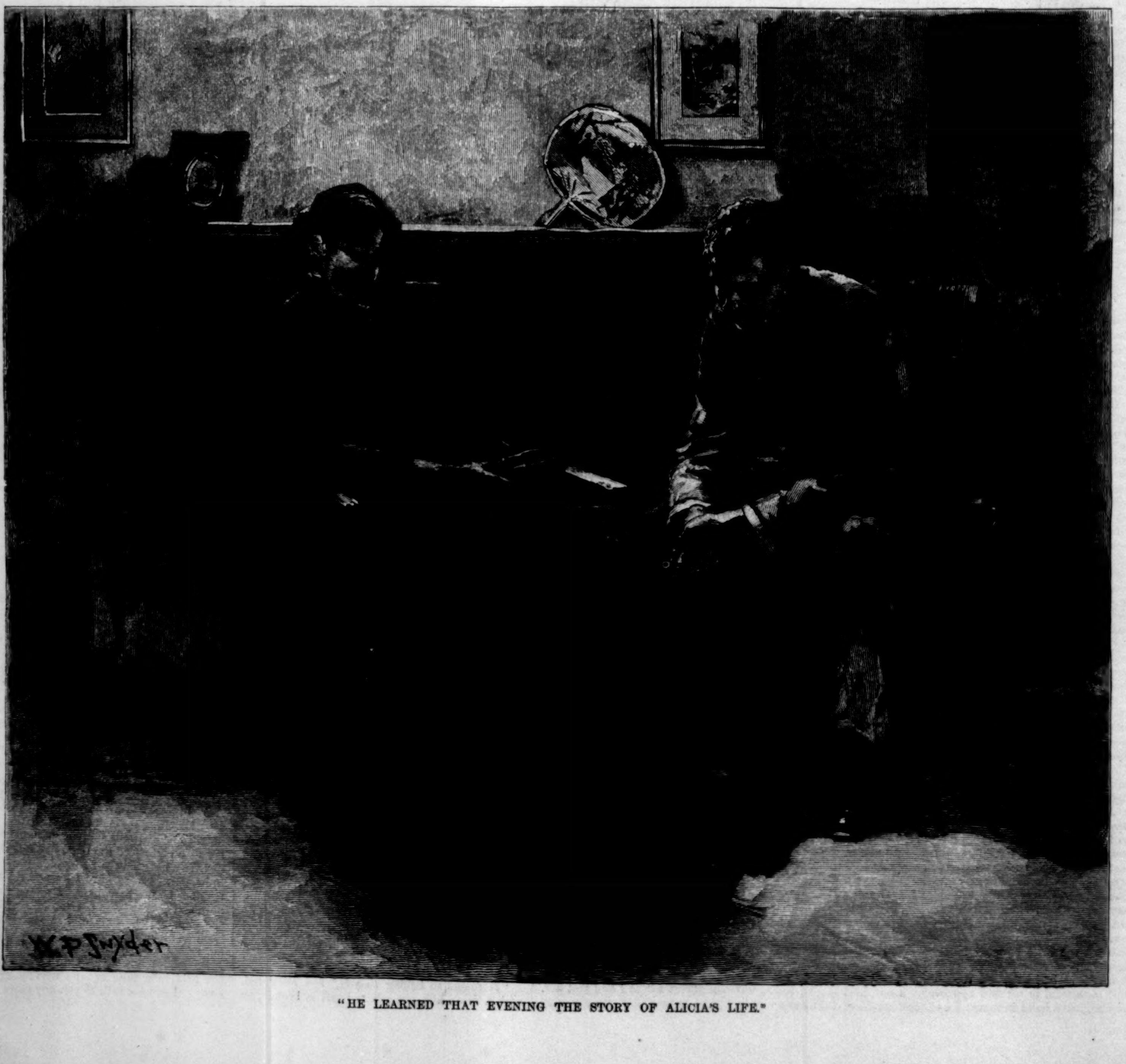
He learned that evening the story of Alicia's life. From the first it had been full of sorrowful trial. She lost her mother in her infancy, and thereafter accompanied her father in his wandering career. He was a reckless speculator, and in some of his ventures his name became, if not tarnished, at least suspiciously compromised. It was at that time that the unprincipled Norman Greyton, who had been associated with him in financial matters, and held him in his power, demanded, as a return for service that no one else could render, the hand of his daughter. Alicia, unable to awaken Greyton's generosity, yielded to the emergency, and, to save her father, became the wife of a man she despised. Greyton died suddenly from the effects of a debauch, after a year of married life, which to his young wife was one unbroken scene of wretchedness.

The happiest evening of Theodore Ellwood's life, because it held the bud of all that was brightest in his future.

Much was said; much that was dearer left unsaid; but one thing, spoken by Theodore, Alicia remembered always with sentiment. For it was a question that a few months afterward, at the close of a tender and manly courtship, she answered to him on her marriage day, and indeed answered to his soul's content by her daily life thereafter.

For a moment they had been standing together, looking at that little waif of the summer seaside, the veritable "cast horseshoe" which Theodore had lifted from the dust and given to Alicia, when she granted him in return the wild rose.

And now in their remeeting he read to her the motto she herself had inscribed, "Happiness is a way-side flower." And in a voice softly cadenced and attuned as only love can attune a voice he asked the question, "Do you not think that if it were transplanted into a loving home and into a true heart, happiness might be something *more* than a way-side flower?"




"HE LEARNED THAT EVENING THE STORY OF ALICIA'S LIFE."

THE LATE J. R. GREEN, HISTORIAN.

THE CHIEF AMBASSADOR FROM MADAGASCAR.

HON. T. W. PALMER, SENATOR-ELECT FROM MICHIGAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY O'NEIL.

## THE SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN.

THE election on the eighty-first ballot of THOMAS W. PALMER as Senator from Michigan broke the last dead-lock, and completed the new Senate, with the exception of a successor to Mr. ROLLINS, of New Hampshire, who is to be elected in June next. Of the new body 37 are Republicans, 36 Democrats, and 2 Independents. Senator PALMER, who is about fifty years of age, is a wealthy lumberman, and a resident of Detroit. He has never held public office before, save one term in the State Senate. He has been prominently mentioned in connection with the office of Governor, and nothing but the rule of a second term in connection with a faithful discharge of duties as applied to Governor JEROME prevented his nomination last fall. He received a good academical education, took a partial course in the State University at Ann Arbor, but the failure of his eyesight compelled him to leave before completing his course. He then travelled in Spain and South America. Returning home, he entered upon his business career, which he has pursued ever since. He is a gentleman of genial manners, wide popularity, and has business connections in different parts of the State which aided him materially in the canvass which he entered vigorously upon at the final break up of the FERRY campaign.

## THE MADAGASCAR EMBASSY.

THE envoys of the Queen of Madagascar, sent to this country to arrange a treaty, reached New York in the steamer *Spain* on the 3d inst. The vessel was gayly decked with bunting. When opposite Fort Hamilton a salute of fifteen guns was fired, and at Fort Columbus, on Governor's Island, the compliment was repeated. The party includes RAVONINAHITRINIARIVO, holder of fifteen honors, officer of the palace, Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and chief ambassador; RAMANIRAKA, holder of fourteen honors, O. D. P., member of the Privy Council, and second ambassador; Messrs. AUDRIANSIA and ROBIBISOI, secretaries; Mr. RANJALAHY, aide-de-camp; ANTHONY TACCHI, secretary and translator; Colonel ROBINSON; and Rev. W. C. PICKERSGILL, missionary at Madagascar. The Malagassies are all fine-looking men. RAVONINAHITRINIARIVO, whose portrait is given on this page, is a man of medium stature, with a long black mustache. The secretary is the only one of the embassy who speaks English, except the interpreter. The party were all dressed in English clothing, with high silk hats, and expressed themselves as greatly pleased with their trip.

## THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR GREEN.

PROFESSOR J. R. GREEN, author of several well-known and important historical works, died on the 6th inst. at Mentone, Italy, whither he went several months ago in search of health. Mr. GREEN was an examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford, an Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, and a Doctor of Laws. He became known in this country by the publication, in 1874, of his *Short History of the English People*, a clear, brilliant, and forcible composition, which placed him at once in the front rank of modern historians. All owned his charm of style and his narrative power. The book was afterward expanded into a work of four volumes, and published under the title of *History of the English People*, which, while retaining the life and sparkle of its predecessor, is a better-proportioned and more complete piece of work.

Mr. GREEN'S other works, which, as well as the foregoing, are published in this country by HARPER & BROTHERS, are *Stray Studies from England and Italy, Readings from English History*, and *The Making of England*. He had no sympathy with that theory of history which makes it simply a record of wars and dynasties, but aimed to present the real life of the people in all the phases of political, intellectual, moral, and material progress.

## GENERAL WOODFORD'S SUCCESSOR.

MR. ELIHU ROOT, who succeeds General STEWART L. WOODFORD as United States District Attorney, is a native of Clinton, Oneida County, New York, where he was born in 1843. His father is OREN ROOT, Professor of Mathematics at Hamilton College, at which institution Mr. ROOT was graduated in 1863, valedictorian of his class. After graduation he devoted himself to the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. Soon after he came to this city and began the practice of his profession, in which he has achieved deserved success. He is a member of the law firm of BARTLETT & ROOT. Although an ardent Republican, he has never held any public office. He has represented his district—the twenty-first—on the Central Committee.

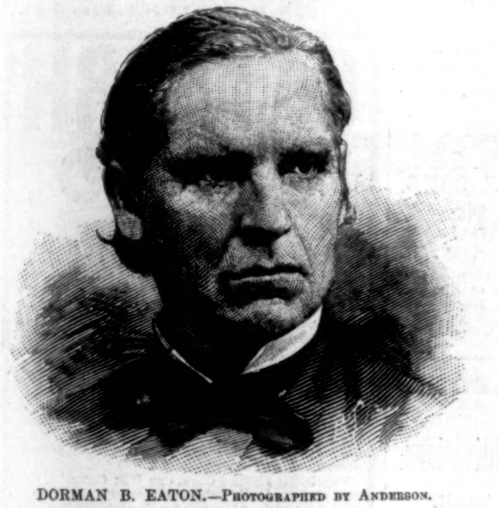
## THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

THE Civil Service Commission appointed by President ARTHUR consists of Mr. DORMAN B. EATON, of New York, Mr. JOHN M. GREGORY, of Illinois, and Mr. LEROY D. THOMAN, of Ohio.

Mr. EATON is a native of Vermont, and a graduate of the University of that State. He studied at the Harvard Law School, and in 1850 began the practice of his profession in this city as a partner of the late Judge WILLIAM KENT. He has given considerable time to political and municipal affairs, and has been largely identified with the work of reform. In 1877, at the request of President HAYES, he began to write a historical report upon the British civil service, visiting England for the purpose. This report was published by HARPER & BROTHERS in 1879 in the volume entitled *Civil Service in Great Britain*.

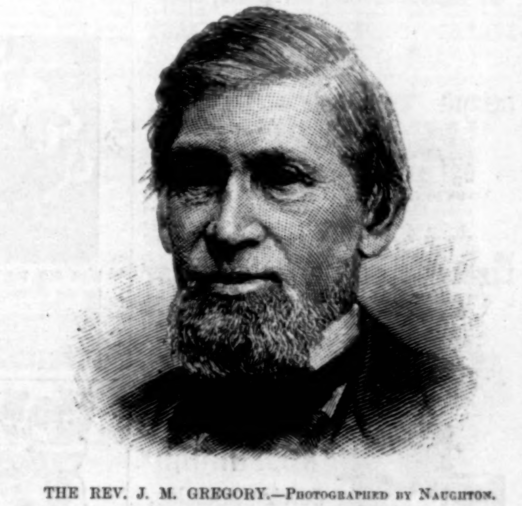
Mr. GREGORY is a native of Rensselaer County, New York, and is sixty years of age. He is a graduate of Union College, and studied law for two years, but afterward turned to theology. From 1859 to 1865 he was State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Michigan, and afterward President of Kalamazoo College. In 1867 he was elected Regent of the Illinois Industrial University. His present residence is at Champaign, Illinois.

Judge THOMAN is a young man of thirty-two, and a native of Salem, Ohio. While a lad he taught school at Piper City, Illinois, and at the age of twenty was admitted to the bar at Columbia City, Indiana. Two years later he was appointed a Deputy-Prosecutor, and subsequently he began the practice of law in Youngstown. He was elected Probate Judge in 1875, and again in 1878. He ran for Congress in 1880, but was defeated, and in 1881 came near being the Democratic candidate for Governor.



DORMAN B. EATON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON.

L. D. THOMAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEROY & TERRILL.



THE REV. J. M. GREGORY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAUGHTON.

ELIHU ROOT, UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.

GENERAL CHARLES K. GRAHAM, NAVAL OFFICER, PORT OF NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

JAMES L. BENEDICT, SURVEYOR, PORT OF NEW YORK.
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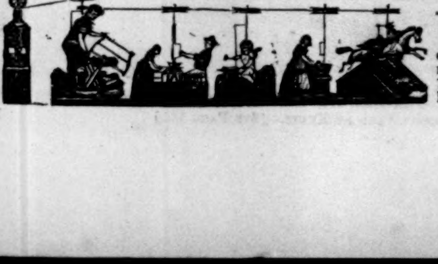

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**PATENT WAVES**

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**ARE BETTER THAN ALL OTHERS!**

1.—*The PATENT SPRING conforms itself in shape to EVERY head.*
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3.—*They cannot tear or break apart, but outwear THREE of any wave made.*
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5.—*They do not fade as quickly, for they don't require dressing as often as others.*
6.—*They are only dressed with a WET COMB, when they get MUSSED, and are known to remain in order for a year without redressing.*
7.—*I GUARANTEE EVERY ONE to be CURLY HAIR, or refund the money if not.*
8.—*MOST IMPORTANT: Every lady can look young and attractive with a THOMPSON WAVE,* AS HUNDREDS WILL ACKNOWLEDGE *they look ten years younger.*
9.—*As I have 10 different styles of THOMPSON WAVES, every fancy can be gratified.*

☞ **Beware of parties endeavoring to sell you Waves representing them to be the Thompson Wave, as I do not allow any other Dealer to sell my goods.**

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We offer, on very reasonable terms as regards price, time of payment, and rate of interest, **3500 Acres of Choice Fruit Land** in Colony of El Cajon, 14 miles from the City of San Diego. The land is surveyed and mapped. Avenues and Streets laid out from 90 feet to 66 feet wide, and some of them graded; **school-house, hotel, and post-office established.**

The raisins made from the grapes grown here are the finest in California, and superior to the Malagas of same grade. All other fruits unequalled in quality. For climatic condition, reference is made to United States Signal Service reports for this city. Send for pamphlets to office of Company.

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**The Great American Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossom, etc.,**

For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis, and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful, fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent, and never failing.

One bottle Radical Cure, one Box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, of all druggists for $1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

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Send for Descriptive Circular, Free.
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**KEEP YOUR BIRD IN HEALTH** and Song by using Singer's Patent Gravel Paper. For sale by all druggists and bird and cage dealers. Price 25 cents. **Depot, 582 Hudson Street, N. Y.**

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The best selling book ever known. The *largest discount.* Circulars free. Agents, address G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers, N. Y.

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**AGENTS** can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth **$10** free. Address **E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.**

**$5 to $20** per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

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**$66** a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

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**THE PREMIUM**
to the Wives of Grocers has been pronounced by all who have seen it to be the handsomest and most valuable ever offered by a manufacturer to make the trade familiar with his name. The Case itself is a magnificent one, and the Silver Ware elegant, of beautiful pattern, and of the finest quality.

# DONT BE A CLAM

**CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER**

they are wedded to their old clam-like notions:—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along

## FOR THEY ARE CLAMS

AND DONT PROPOSE TO ALLOW THINGS TO PENETRATE THEIR SHELLS THAT WERE UNKNOWN TO THEIR GRANDFATHER CLAMS AND TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER CLAMS:—

**A Clam is not a good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—**
**A Clam is not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after:—Is not a good thing for a Grocer to copy after:—**

*A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER* will *TRY* new ways that are *endorsed by leading newspapers:—*
*A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER* will try a Butter Worker or a Grain Binder:—
*A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER* will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can *and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for:—*

Of course if a woman tries every new thing that she hears of she will often be duped:—But there is no sensible man or sensible woman who does not know for certain that reliable publishers would not allow such continuous use of their papers for advertising The Frank Siddalls Soap if they had not first satisfied themselves that it was NOT A HUMBUG.
*Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:*

## SO DONT BE A CLAM

**TO GROCERS' WIVES**
We offer a Special Premium of a beautiful set of Plated Silver Knives and Forks, for simply giving The Frank Siddalls Soap *a thorough trial.*

# FOR LADIES TO READ

*ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!*

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

## —FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE—

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

*Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.*

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

## —FOR HOUSE CLEANING—

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

## —FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

## —FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

# FOR MEN TO READ

*ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!*

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

## —FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

## —FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

# SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

### —IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

## —AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

*Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.*
*Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.*

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

## —FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin: the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce: it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

*It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.*

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out;*) it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

## —ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES—

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

*Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.*—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, *and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind MUST NOT BE USED (*not even Castile Soap*).

*It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.*

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

## HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

**at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.**

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY." Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. **All this is done for 10 cents** *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

*Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.*

**A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.**

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

## How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

## How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

## How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

## How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

**And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.**

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
*if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.*

## And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

**Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle**

THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

**Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.**

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

*Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.*

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

**Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.**

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

**If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.**

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

**Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**